THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1979. }

THE BALLAD OF BETSY BLYTHE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

To the sharp shirr in the meadow,
Of the mower whetting his scythe,
By the brook in the whispering alders,
Listened young Betsy Blythe.
Oh! the skies were blushing above her,
The hills were blushing below,
And into the southern woodlands
The brook went, dreamy and slow.
But not for the brook, nor the alders,
Nor the birds in the silver thorn,
Careth sweet little Betsy,
This beautiful summer morn.

When the bulb of the dainty wind-flower,
And the wood-wort's germ of gold,
With slender spears were piercing
The veins of the woodland mould;
When the wild south-winds ran sobbing
Through flaws of gusty rain,
And the budding boughs of the red-wood
Were making the hill-sides plain;
In the soul of the gentle maiden
A beautiful hope was born,
And this is why in the alders
She stayeth this summer morn.

* * * * *

In the dappled and fiery autumn,
When the uplands were misty and red,
When the boughs were ashine with the apples,
And the stubble-fields faded and dead,
When the meadows were purple and lonesome—
The woodlands were crimson and gold,
When the winds went stooping along the hills
Bewailing the coming cold,—
When the wood-wort's sprouts were lying
In a dream of the early snow,
And the brook in the leafless alders
Went singing plaintive and low—

Watching, and waiting, and weeping,
And parting the vines away,
Beside the casement, Betsy Blythe
Standeth the livelong day!
She stares away to the smoky hills,
Down the valley's dusty shade,
But not for the coming of groom and guest,
Waiteth the weeping maid!
And not for the hazy splendors
That stretch through hollow and vale,
And not for the brook's wild plaining,
In the alders, withered and pale!

But the parish bells are ringing,
And she seeth the mourners slow
Tread through her dream of a grave to lie
Under the first wild snow!
And the long dim nights of winter,
With the curlew's dreary croon,
And the ghostly shadows flying
In the wake of the setting moon,
And the creak of the frosty branches,
Like the shirr of a mower's scythe—
Ah! *for this*, by her shady casement,
Weepeth sweet Betsy Blythe!

Hill-side, Port Deposit.

THE LADY OF PLAS TYRION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

PLAS TYRION.

Our light is not alone revealed in light!
Our joy has not alone in joy its birth;
Day rises from the blackest gulf of night,
And heaven is entered through the woes of earth—
For, over darkness, storm and woe, oh, Dove,
Thou broodest ever, THE EVERSAL LOVE.

We must now pass over seven years. Seven years of uninterrupted prosperity; seven years of the fullest affluence of human blessing shows us our Emily, matured into the richest promise of her youth. Her husband called himself blessed, and so complete was his happiness as a husband and father, that he would not, if he could, have altered one circumstance of his married life.

As a man in whose hands were immense mercantile concerns, he had always great interests to occupy his mind; nevertheless, his favorite scientific pursuits furnished so much material for thought and for the employment of his higher intellectual faculties, that he had not a single vacant moment for ennui or discontent, nor was there any corner of his mind in which the rust of indolence could accumulate. His great wealth and position made him a man of influence in a world which is in itself large and important, the world of mercantile enterprise and responsibility, whilst his scientific knowledge, which he increased and enriched by travel, and perfected by all those means which wealth can command, gave him an equally important position and influence in another large and powerful world, the world of intellectual knowledge and achievement.

Emily had long ceased to take any immediate interest, or to participate in her husband's favorite pursuits. It was enough for her that he was a great man in his own peculiar walk, and her pride was gratified by the attention and respect which men of world-wide fame, not alone in England, but in various parts of the world, paid to his acquirements and knowledge.

His growing devotion to these pursuits, however, naturally requiring every moment which could be spared from his large mercantile interests, had this disadvantage, that it left his wife entirely to her own resources. As far as Emily was personally concerned, however, this was not of much consequence, for with the command of almost unbounded wealth, she could freely indulge her tastes for all those amenities which embellish life, and for which she had so great a passion. She was herself an amateur of art in many branches, and the enjoyment of these pursuits, and her love of flowers, together with the cultivation of the utmost refinement and elegance of life in whatever it might consist, filled up her daily routine. Still, life in Liverpool, on however grand a scale, never accorded with Emily's tastes, and she sighed continually for the cottage in the Isle of Wight, with all its beautiful natural growths, its pure air, sunshine and glorious sea-views.

It was not in Franklin's character to let his wife, his beautiful, gifted wife sigh in vain for anything which it was in his power to confer upon her. Therefore, on her birthday, which occurred in the month of May, he presented her with a cottage in Wales, standing in the cove of a hill facing the south; a cottage pretty in itself, but exquisite in situation, and commanding both inland and sea-views; the chain of the Carnaervonshire Mountains stretched wide in the distance, and behind rose a wild, rugged hill, which completely screened it from the cold winds of the north and east. The climate was as mild almost as that of the Isle of Wight, but in situation and scenery it was far finer than anything that fairy little island can boast; and very justly was it called Plas Tyrion, or the pleasant place.

This was her husband's birthday present to his wife, in the fifth year of their marriage. It was her own, in every sense of the word and in the beautifying and perfecting of it, she had full scope for the employment of her taste and talents. Nothing could have made Emily happier than this cottage, with liberty to work her will regarding it; and she determined to make it the very beau ideal of cottages, the very perfection of a human abode; a little heaven upon earth; and here, too, she could invite for long visits her mother, with whom the air of Liverpool never agreed, and who therefore now lived in a small cottage among the lakes; and here, too, her darling child, her only one, a somewhat delicate boy, now four years old, the pride and idol of her heart, her little Ernest, would grow strong and enjoy himself.

If by this means Franklin lost the society of his wife from home for weeks together, he consoled himself many a solitary evening during the weeks in his laboratory, always, however, making his appearance at Plas Tyrion on the Saturday, unless some interesting experiment detained him, or some scientific meeting or friend called him away in another direction, when he would compensate himself by two or three days spent with her the following week.

Emily was perfectly happy in her married life; how, in fact, could she be otherwise; with all her wishes gratified, and a husband who doted upon her? In person, she was no longer the slight, sylph-like figure, with rich masses of sunny-tinted brown hair curling to her shoulders, a mere beautiful, romantic girl; her form had become fuller and rounder, and she appeared to have grown in height. Her countenance, always exquisite in feature, and remarkable for its ever-varying play of expression, was now modelled, as it were, on a larger scale, and though it still beamed with the joyousness which characterized it in early youth, a greater depth of feeling and passion spoke from her eye, and thrilled in the fine modulations of her voice. Altogether, it was a countenance of rare feminine beauty and fascination; still, perhaps, a close and severe observer might have pronounced it the mirror of an impassioned and intrinsically noble, but at the same time vain and worldly character, of a mind, rich in natural talent of the most varied kind, but into the depths of which, no serious, earnest purpose of life had yet penetrated; of a heart, as yet unchastened by sorrow and unschooled in the highest teachings of Divine Wisdom.

Such was Emily Franklin, but she neither knew nor surmised any want in herself. If her mother at times, almost frightened at the unclouded happiness which had so long surrounded her daughter, sighed and besought her to look at life, as involving higher duties than she she yet recognised in it; to see weakness in her own strength; fear in the apparent absence of all occasion for fear; if she prayed her to hold the blessing and the riches of her life not as her own, but as Christ's, and to become His humble steward, rather than the servant of the world, Emily would kiss her tenderly, shed a few graceful tears of momentary contrition and drive out, in her exquisite pony phæton with her idol, little Ernest, by her side, to visit the poor in her neighborhood. She was naturally charitable, where charity consists in giving. It was difficult, however, to do all the good she wished to do at first, because the poor spoke a language different to her own. But this difficulty she overcame.

It was her proud boast that nothing was too difficult for her; and she accordingly began to learn the Welsh tongue, that she might understand the poor and be their efficient benefactor. The nearest house of any pretension to Plas Tyrion, was Stanfair, or St. Mary's Parsonage, the home of Lady Frances Corbett. Lady Frances was another daughter of Lord Sevenoaks, and consequently a sister of Lady Jane Arbuthnot's, though in character very different to her sister. She was a lively, handsome woman, who loved society and everything which makes life outwardly attractive. Her husband was the rector of Llanfair, the large parish in which Plas Tyrion was situated. The Parsonage of Stanfair was a much more important place than Plas Tyrion, and Lady Frances prided herself on her conservatories and flower garden, her dairy, her poultry-yard, and her farm.

A great intimacy, almost immediately on Emily's coming into the country, sprung up between these two ladies; their respective pony-carriages were continually driving backwards and forwards, and little Lucy Corbett, a fairy-like little damsel of four, gave herself coquettish airs as the little wife of Ernest Franklin. The gardeners of the two establishments emulated each other in the cultivation of their flowers, choice fruit and early vegetables, and the grooms prided themselves on the superior beauty of the white ponies on the one hand, or the cream-colored on the other. Lady Frances had attempted, being the Rector's wife, to conquer the impossibilities of the Welsh tongue in vain, but no sooner did Emily encounter them than they appeared to vanish before her. And in an inconceivably short time she was heard talking fluently with the peasants, and shedding tears over some sad story of the husband being killed two weeks before in the quarries, or of the good son, the stay and support of his widowed mother, who never liking the sea, had yet for her sake gone as a sailor from Liverpool in a ship to the West Indies, and there died of the yellow fever. Emily was naturally sympathetic, and in this way she won the hearts of all the people, and studied the grand old Welsh language at the same time. People were astonished at her progress; "but then," said the lady of Llanfair, who was proud of her friend, "she is a real genius! she can do anything!"

Franklin, who had himself a great deal of philological knowledge, was delighted with this new acquisition of his wife's, his only regret being that she had not learned the language grammatically, but merely intuitively as a child, and he brought her many books to assist her. But she needed no assistance from books, the language became, as it were, a part of her own tongue, and she began to collect the proverbs of the Welsh, a work which had not hitherto been done, on a large scale, and in so doing she found great amusement and interest.

Nearly her whole time was spent by Emily at Plas Tyrion, and when she had finished laying out her gardens and grounds, and there was literally nothing more to be done, she carried her taste and her labors up the mountain side, made winding ways, with seats at convenient distances, or wherever the loveliest views were commanded, and not satisfied with the sunny, smoother side of the hill, she extended them over the top, down to the desolate, savage northern side, where was rock, precipice, and a scene in strange contrast to the amenity of the Plas Tyrion side. There were various gloomy old traditions connected with this rocky northern side descending sheer into the sea, which gave it a fearful interest to the peasants. Caverns of unknown extent, said to consist of chamber within chamber lying at the foot of the rock, and visible only at low water, were believed to have been in ancient times the abode of a terrible dragon from which the mountain took its name. Later they were said to have been the haunt of smugglers, and many dismal stories connected with them were told as having occurred within the memory of man. Wild brushwood, rooted in the scanty soil of the upper ledges and crevices, crusted the top of the rock, like the wild mane of some antediluvian monster. Through this brushwood Emily opened a path, and placed a seat, which she called the Eyrie Ferns. Tedums, and a great variety of rock-plants grew and were cultivated around, for Emily took an especial pleasure in this spot. By simply following this path, the whole savage character of the scenery, bare, hard gray rock, and sheer precipice, with the sea roaring and beating below, were brought into view, and formed a striking contrast with the soft, sunny beauty of the other side, looking down as it did upon the fairy-like region of Plas Tyrion.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS.

During the seven years of uninterrupted happiness, prosperity, and triumph over life's accustomed trials, which constituted Emily Franklin's married life, she had never seen Dallas Wynwode, and only one circumstance proved to her that she was still remembered by him. Her husband, in the love and pride of his heart, had Emily's portrait painted by Thorburn, with her little son by her side, and this beautiful and almost priceless picture, one of the finest Thorburn ever painted, with its Plas Tyrion background, was especially mentioned in a notice of the Academy-pictures, with a reference to the "inimitable original," which left no doubt on Emily's mind but that it was written by Wynwode. He, in the meantime, still unmarried, was leading in London a brilliant life, as it is called, among what the world styles "the first minds of the age."

Emily spent more than half her time at her beloved Plas Tyrion, and her husband, who often longed for more of her society than he had the pleasure of enjoying, determined to purchase a splendid mansion in some beautiful and more immediate neighborhood, which should become their joint home, and where she might exercise her taste on a still larger scale, whilst her favorite Plas Tyrion should become the home of her mother, and thus still retain a warm interest for her. Such were her husband's plans, but Emily did not second them very warmly.

There was no place, she declared, which would suit her within the required distance unless it were Hailes-Hall;—Hailes-Hall being at that time the hereditary seat of a nobleman, and apparently as little likely to be obtained as Windsor Castle.

"No, unless you can offer me Hailes-Hall I will not give up Plas Tyrion!" said she in petulant defiance.

Lady Frances Corbett was going to Paris for a fortnight; the Arbuthnots were to be of the party, and other relatives about whom she did not care; in fact she did not care about going at all, unless her dear friend Mrs. Franklin would go, and take little Ernest with her. Lucy must go because her grandpapa insisted upon it, and the poor child must have a companion—she loved the children to be together, they were such a beautiful pair. In short her friend must go! Franklin, who happened to be at Plas Tyrion at the time, seconded the idea. Emily had never been to Paris since they made their wedding tour; he wanted to run over to Berlin to see a scientific friend there; he would accompany them to Paris, stay a day or two with them and on to Berlin, and she could return with the Corbetts.

It was decided. All went as proposed. The Arbuthnots did not, however, arrive until after Mr. Franklin had left Paris, but as they were universally acknowledged, even by their own family, to be stupid people, nobody missed them. Great, however, was the excitement of the little party when a letter announced that Lord Little and his friend, Dallas Wynwode, were to accompany them, and that all would arrive on the following day.

There was no time for any re-arrangement of plans, even if Emily had been indisposed to meet him, and no one but herself knew why she should not be as well pleased as all the rest to meet "That delightful, interesting man, Dallas Wynwode. You will be fascinated with him; everybody is!" said Lady Frances. "But I remember now," she added, "you do know him. Jane says that you were very intimate in the Isle of Wight, and that he used to admire you very much. She says they always expected that you would have been Mrs. Wynwode!"

Emily was by no means sorry to meet him. She felt an exhilarating sense of triumph in the consciousness of her improved personal attractions, of the power she exercised on all around her. Every man in their Paris party was her admirer, to a certain degree, her slave. Lord Sevenoaks, a proud, exclusive old man, who looked down upon the whole world, man and woman; a connoisseur of art and female beauty, which, until he knew Emily Franklin, he declared to be greatly deteriorated since his time, even he, was now contented to sit for hours in company with the rest, merely, as he said, for the pleasure of contemplating her beauty, and of listening to her wit.

Emily spoke French with great fluency and elegance, and in Paris, in a circle which was essentially "polite society," all her powers of conversation—and they were of a high and brilliant order—were called forth, and she astonished herself by the success which she achieved daily. The spirit, as it were, of French life and society inspired her, entered into her, and whilst it called forth all those brilliant faculties of the intellect, which constitute the so-called conversational powers, called forth also vanity, ambition, love of admiration and the triumph of superiority. She had long known herself to be superior to all the Littles whether Arbuthnots or Corbetts, and the mere fact of outshining them would have been but a very poor gratification. But now in Paris, in the circle into which the rank of an English Earl naturally threw them, among men and women who had no seconds, in fashion and wit, in Europe, it was no small triumph to be acknowledged, as not only the most charming English woman they had ever known, but their own equal, their match in wit and facility of mind, and at the same time matchless in beauty.

Emily's life so far in Paris was a succession of triumphs, and in all her beautiful child was associated with her, for it was, after all, her loveliest characteristic that she had the most unbounded affection for him. No personal vanity, no craving desire for universal admiration could make her forget for a moment, her love and pride in him; and her maternal affection sat more gracefully upon her than any other of her graces. Painters and sculptors raved about the beauty of this mother and child, and she was solicited on all hands, now to honor this painter's studio as a Madonna and a young Christ, and now to suffer herself to be modelled with him clasped in her arms as the Spirit embodiment of Maternal Love. To the latter she consented, and the most remarkable portion of the Paris life was after Wynwode's arrival, the hours spent for this purpose amidst the elite of her friends who met her at the studio, where wit, like electric sparks, flashed from one mind to another.

At this moment, when all that was peculiarly akin to the mind and character of Wynwode, had been thus called forth to the surface of her being, and overlaid it as it were, with a coating of gold and diamonds, or rather, perhaps, with that which represented both; when vanity and love of triumph were the predominant elements of her mind, it may easily be understood how his presence should give a still stronger impulse to those passions.

Seven years had left Wynwode much less changed in the outward than he found Emily to be. There was still the same unstudied grace of demeanor which characterises the man of the world, who has too much sense to be a fop, for while Wynwode had the soul of a Sybarite, he yet spoke freely and gaily of his poverty, and prided himself on his manliness. Poor he was not by any means, but he chose to call himself so. It was an excuse for not marrying, and for many other things, but he took care that his handsome chambers, the equipage in which he appeared before the public of the park; his expensive library; his tours to Italy, Greece, Russia, or wherever it might be the fashion to go, should contradict his assertion, and make him at once the fit associate of the higher ranks of society.

Old Lord Sevenoaks soon gave it as his dictum, that Wynwode and Emily were the most brilliant couple in the world; the best matched pair, and it puzzled his old brain to know why, if, as his daughter Jane said, they had once been so much in love with each other, they had not married.

Emily was proud to exhibit her wealth; the power which she had thus obtained through her husband, before Wynwode. It gratified her that he should see her a happy and beloved wife, and above all she was proud of the beauty and early promise of her child. Go where she would, he was by her side, and nothing that a mother's love and pride could lavish upon an idol-child was spared by her. The loveliest and most expensive materials were employed to clothe him; he wore the finest wool, silk, or velvet; nay, even cloth of gold, had it been the custom now-a-days, would hardly have been enough. His hair, of a golden brown, like her own in early youth, curled to his shoulders, and in countenance he also greatly resembled her. Not a day passed but she made some new purchase, or had some new device to adorn and set forth his beauty.

Wynwode felt, as everybody else did, how gracefully this maternal character became her, and so attractive and amiable was the child, so remarkable for early mental promise, and so wholly unspoiled by all this idolatry, that everybody united in paying him equal homage, though it might be, in part it is true, flattery to his mother. Thus however it was; and Wynwode naturally falling into the train of Emily's worshippers, artfully sought his way to her heart through her child. Outwardly, however, as far as she herself was concerned, whilst he was astonished by her matured beauty, and the power and influence of her character, which far exceeded what he had expected from her early promise, he, as a skilful general, determined to win a fort, might first seek to lull the garrison into a state of careless unsuspicion, so now lavishing all his attentions on the child, he apparently disregarded the mother, and even whilst he allowed her wit to call forth his own, and used his utmost endeavors to outshine her in her conversational triumphs, he even depreciated her to the old Earl and her other admirers, declaring that this lady and the other, in London, Rome, or St. Petersburg, were infinitely her superior.

Emily saw and felt this, and piqued by it, determined to humble by one means or other, this proud scorner, the only man as yet over whom she had never possessed power. An evil warfare like this, a contest of vanity with guile produced in Emily's heart a certain degree of hatred towards him, which, like poison in the point of the arrow, might make her attacks more fatal, but not alone to the adversary, at whom they were directed, still more so to her own soul whence the poison was extracted. Alas poor Emily! The pride of her eye, the curl of her beautiful lip, awoke now in that Paris circle the perception of a new fascination in her splendid countenance. The old Earl declared that she grew handsomer daily, and the painters and sculptors now raved about her as a Cleopatra or Zenobia.

Thus were on the weeks at Paris. The fortnight first talked of, and which passed so quickly and insignificantly, had now extended to a month, and might to all appearance extend to three, when it certainly must terminate in obedience to a general election, which would hurry our little party to England, more especially as Lord Little was to be put up for somewhere. Lord Edward, it is true, was no speaker, and was not remarkably fitted for Senatorial duties, not to speak of distinction, but he was one of the born legislators of this great country, heir to the hereditary honors of Sevenoaks, who were old supporters of the Whig faction, now called Liberal; and as there was a great national tendency at this time towards these principles, it was expected that such as professed them would have the greatest success in the coming election. Lord Little, therefore, the least of the Littles, as Emily said, writing to her husband, was to be presented to some constituency as a candidate for their suffrages, his friend Dallas Wynwode, of course, doing all the business, preparing all the speeches, and speaking as often as possible himself, for which service the Earl promised him a seat also in the house for some vacant borough, a diplomatic appointment, or something.

The talk of the coming election, mingled with the gossip and scandal of Paris life, like a more healthy element, though not in its purest form, circulating through a noxious and life-destroying atmosphere.

Franklin wrote to his wife urging her return; he was impatient of the prolonged stay; but still she stayed, fettered by the fascination of that evil sphere. Everybody protested against her departure, even Wynwode; but when six weeks were passed, her husband again wrote more strenuously. He had prepared an unexpected pleasure for her return, which now, however, could no longer be deferred, and he was compelled to forego the gratification of its surprise to her. He was in treaty for Hailes-Hall, that noble residence which she had selected as the height of her ambition. Owing to family embarrassments, which, when made known, would astonish the world, it was doomed to be sold, and the first offer was now privately made to him, on terms so advantageous that he was quite willing to close the bargain if, when his wife should see it thus nearly, she still desired to become its mistress. For himself, he was greatly pleased with the prospect of becoming its possessor, and thus insuring a noble inheritance for his son; nevertheless, he waited for his wife's approbation, and though by no means sentimental and day dreaming, indulged the pleasant thought of her surprise and delight. All this, however, must now be given up; the time permitted to him of exclusive preference of purchase was expired; he had been able to obtain its extension for one week, and now, if she did not return, Hailes-Hall would be thrown into the market, and with competition of purchasers they would either lose it altogether, or have to pay probably a much larger sum. To make sure of no further delay, however, and also to be once more with her and his little Ernest, whom he was quite impatient to see again, he should himself fetch them; he should leave within a few hours of his letter, and therefore should immediately follow it.

Such prompt action was irresistible. Spite of the universal lamentation, the ill temper of Lord Sevenoaks, who declared that Paris would be intolerable when she had left it, the despair of artists and sculptors, who, if they could not paint or model her, could still study the living beauty of herself and her child; spite of all Lady Jane and Lady Frances could say, Franklin came, strong and energetic, and not to be gainsayed, and Emily prepared for her departure.

Although in the bottom of their hearts everybody was angry at his coming, yet his strong, practical English nature soon attracted the one wholesome element in this Paris life, and the coming elections were discussed with an energy and a business-like reality which never had been given to the subject before. Franklin, though not an active politician, was yet a strong one, that is to say, he had very decided views in politics, as he had in everything else, though he himself was always too busy to take part in them; neither, in truth, had he any inclination. Still, he was an excellent and sound adviser, and knowing perfectly well the feeling of various constituencies, and best of all that of the town in which his interests lay, he spoke from knowledge, and not theoretically. Whilst, therefore, he remained in Paris, he so completely changed the current of thought and action, and woke such earnestness even amongst the triflers, that the election became the all-important topic, the business of every one's mind. And why should not Lord Little, the representative of a long line of ancestors honorable in the annals of the country, become one of the Liberal candidates for Liverpool? It was known already who his Liberal opponent would be, but there was no question in Franklin's mind as to the preference which would be generally given to one of the Littles. Still it would be a desperate struggle; and of two Tory candidates who were mentioned, either would be a formidable rival; still, it was worth the trial, and Franklin, as an earnest of good will and probable success, promised his vote and interest.

"How can you promise your vote and interest to such a poor simpleton as Lord Little?" asked Emily, of her husband, in astonishment and almost contempt, when they were alone.

"Because he will do as well as any one else, because, insignificant as his abilities may be, he can do less harm than his liberal opponent, who has neither principle nor honesty, and thirdly, because a very few years will, in all probability, place him in the Upper House, where he will be out of the way."

Emily still professed to wonder at her husband's opinion, and declared that she should be ashamed to canvass for a man who could not put three sentences together without bungling.

Nevertheless, it was agreed that Lord Little should offer himself as the Liberal candidate, and Emily, determined to sound her husband in the presence of Wynwode, declared herself ready to do her part in canvassing.

"My little Ernest and I," said she, proudly, "will canvass for you."

"Then he is sure of success!" said everybody, joyfully.

Franklin, in the constant occupation of life, and his perfect happiness as a husband and a father, had long since forgotten any cause of annoyance against his old friend Wynwode, and met him, therefore, with the utmost cordiality; invited him to his house at the coming election, and seemed to regard this renewal of the old acquaintance as a great pleasure. It might easily have been recalled to his remembrance that upwards of seven years before, he had used the term villain in reference to him, but great, indeed, would his astonishment have been, to learn that Wynwode had never forgotten the insult, and, still more, meditated revenge. However, of all this he knew nothing; neither knew he anything of the under-current of evil passion which lay like the defilement of mud beneath the brilliancy of this Paris-life.—He came clothed with a strong, true nature, which is in itself a talisman and a panoply against evil, and so long as he stayed, only the best sentiment floated to the surface.

He was much pleased with the design which he saw in the clay of the group of Maternal Love, in which his lovely child, copied to the

life, was clasped in the arms of his beautiful mother, and with his head somewhat thrown back, gazed into her face, she, with all the intense feeling of the mother, gazing back upon him with mingled pride, love and joy.

"It is perfect!" said Franklin, the tears starting to his truthful eyes, "and its best charm is, that it is not even idealized."

And he gave to the delighted sculptor a commission for the group in marble.

One of Emily's occupations at Paris had been the selection of a small library of modern French literature. Wynwode, like herself, was a great admirer of the French mind, but he had the advantage of her in possessing the most intimate knowledge of its productions. When, therefore, she was thus suddenly summoned away, he volunteered to complete her purchase, and to have the books properly packed and forwarded to Pine Tyrion, where they were to form one of her recreations, and would remain, as she said, "a charming memory of this most charming visit to Paris."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid in *advance*. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - $5,00 a year.
Eight " (and one to getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

MAGENTA.

It is very evident that in the battle of Magenta, as in the other conflicts of the present Italian war, the advantage remained decidedly with the allied forces. That the Austrians were not routed, is undeniably true—but that they were so worsted as to be compelled to retreat, is just as undeniable. Of course, as there must always be some scapegoat, the incompetency of the unfortunate commander of the Austrian forces, seems to be generally considered in Austria and Germany, the sole and sufficient cause of the defeat. To impute the disaster to the inferiority of the soldiery, would be to take the blame upon themselves, which the masses of no country can ever be expected to do. And yet the simple secret of the French successes so far, is, we think, the superiority either in physical or mental vigor, or in enthusiasm, of the common soldiers of the allied army, and especially of the French, to their opponents. We see no reason for doubting, that, if the positions of the contending armies in the engagements that have taken place, had been completely reversed, the result would have been precisely the same. And, if this be so, the skill of the Austrian commanders is proved to be not at fault—because they were justifiable in taking it for granted that their troops were fully equal to the troops of the enemy. But, now that repeated conflicts seem to have testified to the contrary, it appears to us they would be acting unwisely, and be open to serious censure, if they should accept any further battles except under circumstances where their superior advantages of position or numbers might more than compensate for the inferiority we have alluded to. And this may be the reason for their retreat towards that famous stronghold between the Mincio and the Adige, where, supported by the four great fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, Verona and Legnago, the natural and artificial advantages of their position may enable them to resist successfully the farther progress of the allies.

To recur to the battle of Magenta, it is evident that the French writers claim two contradictory things. In the first place, they claim it as a victory over greatly superior numbers, posted in a superior position to their own; while, in the second place, they claim that the Austrian Generals were outwitted by the superior *finesse* of the Emperor. Now, if the former of these assertions be true—if it be true that nothing but the unequalled bravery and firmness of the Imperial Guard, attacked in a narrow causeway by superior numbers, prevented the defeat of the French army, we do not see how the Austrian Generals failed in proper vigilance and celerity. In fact, according to the French accounts themselves, the Austrians *ought* to have gained the day, and would have gained it had their troops been equal to their adversaries. Their officers were not caught napping, were not surprised, but put the soldiery in a position where they should have beaten—and this is all they could be fairly asked to do.

As to the strategy involved, it will be evident to every reflecting reader, that it was much easier for the French Emperor to concentrate his whole force for the passage of the Ticino or the Po at any particular point, than for the Austrians to collect their whole force to defend that point—for the simple reason that the former had the choice both of the time and the place, and could move instantly, while the latter must first obtain information of the enemy's movement, and then whether it was in force, or only a feint, before moving. That the Austrians were in superior force at or near Buffalora, where the crossing of the Ticino took place, proves that they were not outgeneralled. And their orderly retiring from the field of battle, not even being pursued, and taking up a new position not many miles from the scene of action, proves either that they were not very badly beaten, or else that they were most ably commanded. If the details of this battle, or rather series of battles, at and around Buffalora and Magenta, are at all to be relied upon, these conclusions seem to us undeniable.

As to what we have said of the inferiority of the Austrian troops, it may possibly be that the actions so far have been somewhat incomplete tests of their quality, for the following reason: The Austrian maxim of war is said to be to put your most unreliable troops forward; while the French maxim—and it seems to us the wisest on the whole, though considerable may be said in favor of the other—is precisely the reverse. Thus we have accounts of Italian and Hungarian regiments, in the Austrian army, fleeing or yielding almost without striking a blow. It is also further said, that among the prisoners so far taken by the allies, the number of mere lads is singularly great. It may be, therefore, that the flower of the Austrian army is being reserved for later fields, with something of the same care with which the first Napoleon reserved his Old Guard for the most urgent occasions. The course of events will enable us to see how far this is the case; it will also enable us to perceive to how great an extent the element of disaffection—a negative but highly dangerous disaffection—prevails in the Hungarian regiments of the Austrian army.

Men and nations reap as they have sown.—Austria's injustice to Hungary and Italy is now reaping its reward in the want of fervor—to call it by no more dangerous name—of the Hungarian and Italian regiments of her army. We, who are no admirers of Louis Napoleon—placing no faith in the promises of one who has never scrupled to drive the ploughshare of his ambition alike through sacred promises and his more sacred oath—are also no admirer of what Kossuth, perhaps not unjustly, called the "perjured house of Hapsburg." Only as the breaker of the peace of Europe, to promote, as we believe his own ambitious or revengeful designs, do we lean more against Louis Napoleon than against the Austrian Government. We cannot, as so many Americans do, fall down and worship that golden image of a mere temporary success, which Louis Napoleon, the Emperor, has been allowed by Providence to set up. In spite of all transient, temporary triumphs, the Eternal Truth remains the same. We cannot, as a Republican, hang with admiring plaudits upon the footsteps of a man, who has concentrated in his own despotic hands all the political power of his country. We cannot applaud a war commenced against the almost universal voice of France—and which is now only popular because the masses are dazzled by the glare of successful battles, and deafened to the voice of reason by the shouts of contending hosts. And we are saddened when we think that this general admiration of Louis Napoleon—based almost entirely upon the single element of his success—would seem to indicate a condition of the American mind not unfavorable to the successful playing of a similar game by some adroit and unscrupulous man, on this side of the Atlantic. Are the people of this country sure that daring and ambitious minds have not even already calculated the chances of success in this Republic also—and come to the conclusion that, with a propitious moment, an able and popular leader, and a foreign war, the thing could be done? These bold calculators may be mistaken—everybody will cry "impossible"—but ours is the only great Republic in which that same game has not been played. And why should not success varnish over all the guilt of the thing in America as in Europe—making pure and sweet the stain of blood, and the broken oath? Depend upon it, there is a reacting force upon ourselves of what we admire, or even defend in others. Louis Napoleon, the Presidential subverter of a French Republic by a much admired *coup d'etat*, justified and eulogized in America—may be the spiritual progenitor of some American Louis Napoleon, anxious to emulate the French one in unscrupulousness, daring, power and false glory. And the sentiment which approves the one, how could it consistently condemn the other?

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

FLUID is profoundly impressed with the belief that editors know everything, and consequently asks how that brilliant color known as Carmine, is made. FLUID is right. Editors do know everything, and what they don't know is not worth knowing. If they don't know how carmine is made, *that* is not worth knowing—so let manufacturers take notice! But fortunately they *do* know, so the manufacturers can breathe again. In the first place, carmine was discovered by a Franciscan monk of blessed memory, at Pisa, in Italy. It is made in various ways, but the kind made at Amsterdam by Madame Canette, which is said to be of so intensely brilliant a crimson that, like old George Herbert's rose, it "makes the rash gazer pipe his eye," is prepared thus: Two pounds of the finest cochineal in powder are added to six pailfuls of boiling soft water; the boiling is then continued two hours; then three ounces of pure saltpetre, and four ounces of binoxolate of potash, are added. Ten minutes after, the boiling is discontinued, and the liquor is allowed to stand four hours. Then it is drawn off with a siphon into flat, glazed dishes, where it stands three weeks. A coating of mould which forms is carefully removed, every speck. The liquor is again drawn off, and the carmine left in a clean, shady place to dry in the dishes, where it forms cakes. Only in the brightest and finest weather can it be made to perfection, and hence some countries and latitudes are more favorable to its composition than others. There! We know lots more, but think it best not to say further, lest our superior knowledge should excite envy.

ÆSTHETICS. Which is the more beautiful in a lady—a high forehead or a low forehead? A nice question truly! If we say a high forehead all the ladies with low foreheads—the beautiful Greek low forehead—the forehead of the sad and sumptuous Clytie, of the queenly Milo Venus, of the royal huntress Diana—all the profoundly admired ladies who have such foreheads, will knit them with indignation, and we are done for finally! If, on the other hand, we say that the low forehead is the most beautiful, all the ladies with high foreheads—the beautiful strait Roman forehead—the forehead of the august Volumnia, of the lofty-hearted Portia, of the noble mother of the Gracchi—all the deeply revered ladies who have such foreheads, will turn upon us severely awful brows, and still we are done for finally! Our only consolation in either case, would be the bland smiles of the favored party. But great as is the inducement, who would yield to it when he thought of the frowns of the injured section? The thorn would still rankle, spite of the compensatory rose. ÆSTHETICS, we see through you! It is a regular trap. You want to lure us into a decision which would compromise us with the fair! Cunning fellow, you have not done it! And shall we not, instead of answering your question, come back upon you like an Australian boomerang, and revile you? For, ÆSTHETICS, your name betrays you—it is a name peculiar to one locality—you are—you must be—a Bostonian! Are you not, then, fair game? Shall we not taunt you with being a bit of the hub of the Universe—a child of the Frog Pond—a creature of the State House—an apostle of the Common—in short, everything that is atrocious? But, no—we are magnanimous—we remember our common country—we remember that the four points of the compass were abolished, and the lines of latitude and longitude effaced, some years ago, by the consent of all parties—and we forgive you for being a Bostonian (though, we don't doubt, you became so by a prenatal act of free will—just like your ugliness;) we extend to you the right hand of fellowship, with tears of patriotism in our eyes, and, what is more, we *will* answer your question. Yankee-like, we will answer it by asking another:—Which is the more beautiful—a pond-lily or a moss-rose? Neither, you answer; they are both equally beautiful; there is a diversity, but also an equality, of beauty. True, and so it is with the high and the low forehead. But the moss-rose would not be so beautiful if it lolled on the wave, nor the pond-lily so beautiful if it grew on the rose-bush. They are perfectly beautiful because of their adaptation to, and harmony with, their surroundings—because, in a word, they are each in their proper place. So, again, of the high and the low forehead. One harmonizes with a certain class of features, and is beautiful in relation with them; the other with a different type of countenance, and is equally beautiful for the same reason. Either would become a deformity if placed contrary to the laws of congruity. Shakspeare gives Romeo's Rosaline a high forehead, and she is beautiful. The Greek gives Clytie a low forehead, and she, too, is beautiful. Neither can claim superiority, for each are perfect of their kind, and the kinds are equal.—So, like a triumphant Talleyrand, we decide to the satisfaction of all, offending none, and rest in the admiration of our countrywomen!

SPIRITUAL. Unquestionably, there is a great mass of testimony regarding the appearance of ghosts, but what is testimony worth until it has passed the scrutiny of reason? Observe, that the evidence of these "eye-witnesses" avers that the ghosts of the people were seen—*in their attire*, just as they were when living. Is not this a suspicious circumstance? We could readily believe in the ghost (i. e. spirit,) of a man, but can we believe in a ghost of his clothes? Are clothes immortal, and do they survive after their death? For instance—when the great belle, Miss Flora McFlimsey, personally retires from this planet, and re-appears occasionally at dead of night as a spirit, will the person who sees her ghost, see it robed in crinoline? Frightful thought! Is that fashion to survive beyond the grave? In the spirit-land, do the ghosts of belles still wear a shadowy circumference of skirt, with the metal hoops of this sublunary sphere?

"Tell me
Why thou, dread ghost, *thus clad in complete steel*,
Revisitest the glimpses of the moon
Making night hideous?"

Seriously, in such cases it seems more reasonable to suppose that the garbed phantom is, as it were, a refraction of the memory of him who sees it, than a spectral being, with a positive objective existence. Nevertheless, it would not take a great deal of ingenuity to get up a good theory of the actual appearance of a ghost with the ghost of his old clothes on. Start, for instance, with the Spenserian doctrine—"Soul is form (that is, soul is the ultimate cause of what it causes) and doth the body make." Now if the soul has such causal power as to be able to make the body in which it resides on this planet, the soul when it chose to show itself to any one as a ghost might also wish to make the semblance of the clothes it once wore in the flesh, in order that it might be distinctly recognized! Why not? Assume that the soul, choosing to inhabit this planet, makes a body to reside in and work with, for certain purposes of its own. Supposing the soul to have this creative power, and supposing again that the soul, for some purpose of its own, chose to appear after death, not this time in a body, but as a soul—a ghost—what should hinder it from creating for the nonce the spectre of its own clothes, in order to assist its recognition? This capital theory, firmly based on a doctrine of the author of "The Faery Queen," we commend to the believers in the ghosts of clothes!

"SARATOGA and Newport—you've seen them,"
Said Charley, one morning, to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them—
For bother my wig if I know."
Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At one you go into the water,
At the other, it goes into you!"
—*Boston Post.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.—New York, June 28.—The steamship Moses Taylor has arrived, with the California passengers and mails of the 5th inst. She left Aspinwall on the 19th. The passengers, six hundred in number, have made the trip from California in 19 days and 22 hours. The Moses Taylor has on board $2,041,000 in gold. The news is not important. The yield of gold both in California and at Fraser river was very promising.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Last week we said that these summer hours were the halcyon hours of novel-reading, and this week we add, of poem-reading also. Poetry may be read at all times and seasons, but good poets write their best thoughts in invisible ink, and it takes, we fancy, the chemistry of the blue and golden weather of June and the months succeeding, to bring out the meaning clearly on the page.

Here are two volumes of verse this week which may be thus taken into the sun and air: one a volume of POEMS by ANNE WHITNEY (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) the other a volume of POEMS by ALBERT SUTLIFFE, (James Munroe & Co., Boston.) Mr. Sutliffe is already known to our readers by some fine stanzas contributed to these columns; Miss Whitney is at least known to them by the exquisite poem entitled "Bertha," which we printed some months ago. Both are fresh from Castaly, and have just threaded their way by separate paths through the myrtle thickets, and come out in the presence of the world to take their first laurels. *Place aux dames.* The lady first. Talent knows no sex, and the best poet, whether man or woman, has a right to the first mention, but let us be civil or die.

It is altogether impossible in a mere cursory notice like this to do justice to the uncommon merit of Miss Whitney's poems. Hers is, beyond question, the best and truest book of verse we have lately seen from any but a poet of established fame, and she certainly has a future before her. Her thought is both wise and deep—sometimes, perhaps, a little vague or obscure through metaphysical subtlety, but always true, tender, imaginative, spiritually calm and poised, and, best of all, her own. The volume is full of voices, but no echoes. Its beauty, like its thought, is distinctive, awakens no memory of other poets, but is a new manifestation. Though we cannot pause to analyze or even indicate the noble and varied excellence of these poems, we may notice in passing, as elements in their composition, their pure and perfect health, their childlike happiness, which sorrow has only touched into quiet tenderness, the imaginative stateliness and spiritual sacredness of much of their thought and feeling, their calm, rapt joy in the good and fair, and their centreing trust in the permanence and triumph of "all that gives the heart true greeting." Examples may stand in lieu of commendation, though we cannot quote the best things, but here is a noble sonnet, embodying the thought of the redeeming power of Beauty:

Largess from seven-fold heavens, I pray descend
On all who toil for Beauty! Never feet
Grow weary that have done her bidding sweet
About the careless world! For she is friend
And darling of the universe;—and day
By day, she comes and goes, but never dies,
So precious is she in the eternal eyes.
Oh, dost thou scorn her, seeing what fine way
She doth avenge? For heaven because of her,
Shall one day find thee fitter. How old hours
Of star-rapt night about thy heart had curled—
And thou hadst felt the morning's golden stir,
And the appealing loveliness of flowers.
Yea, all the saving beauty of the world!

These are beautiful thoughts, but there are others as beautiful, and even more beautiful, in a "Hymn to the Sea," which comes near being the hymn of which the sea would always remind us. With less subtleness, more centrality, definiteness, and a more uninterrupted sweep and ascent of thought, it certainly would have been. As it is, it has but just missed the eminence. There is another poem called "Camille," filled with a solemn and passionate pathos, which we fear few will rightly appreciate or apprehend. A series of sonnets on "Night" are wonderfully beautiful, some of them tender and loving, some ethereal and holy, some darkly sublime. Here is one through which rises and spreads the mighty shadow of mountains:

Darkness surrounds me with its phantom hosts
Till silence is enchanted speech. I feel
Those half-spent airs that through the laurel reel,
And Night's loud heart-beats in the tropic coasts,—
And soaring amid everlasting frosts,
To super-sensual rest, as it might outweigh
A whole world's strife, o'er me gaunt Himmaleh,
Droops his broad wing of calm.—Those peaks are ghosts
Out-staring Time, through darkness glimmering!
No rush of pinion there, nor bubbling low—
But death and silence past imagining;—
Only, day in and out, with endless swing,
Their aged shadows move, and picture slow
One on another's unrelenting snow.

Reading this, one seems to stand alone in the vast night, and feels the awful presence of the impending hills.

Here is another sonnet in which many a soul will find its own dread and prayer truly written:—

Oh, Night, a terrible dismay still lurks
In thy close caves. Is there another grief
Than mine upon my soul, or spectral leaf
In the great record of the years, where works,
Not dreams, find place—a task declined
Which the wise heavens appointed for my own
Nay, or a haunting memory to strike down
The future's open hand:—then, *down the wind*
With sadly human eyes, but fanged like wolves,
The pale Erynnyes sweep. Oh happy, then,
If I with night-long prayer may win again
Lost faith—faith in Eternity that solves
Time's stoniest spectres—faith in the broad
Serenity of things—yes, faith in the good God!

We have not cited the best things—only the shortest; and our citations hardly show the distinctive quality of the poems; but our readers will turn to the book, and find great lessons and deep pleasure there.

In Mr. Sutliffe's poems we find more good things than we should like to undertake to recount in these scanty limits.

A little echo faint and low
Caught where the winds were straying,
A little of the sunset glow,
Upon the far clouds playing;

A little landscape lowly laid
By Naiad brooks run over,
Bee-haunted in the linden shade
Among the snowy clover—

This is what he says we shall find, but there is more and better than that. To be sure there are landscapes, but what landscapes they are! How truly felt and clearly shown! Here is one:

There is no moon to-night, but far away,
O'er sleepy fields, beside one shining light,
A slender tapering cloud of steady gray.
The old church spire towereth into the night,
Just fading from the sight.

How calmly blows the breeze with odors sweet;
How clearly sound the distant city clocks;
The falling leaves drop faint like spectral feet;
And hear old ocean, with its muffled shocks
Beat on the time-worn rocks.

Are not these the true sounds, and sights, and odors of a summer night in the country near the sea shore, with a city hard by? But this poet is a stray Greek wandered down into an alien time and clime, and when his eyes see that—

The livelong day, this summer weather
Chased by the zephyr fleet,
The light and the shadow go together
Over the browning wheat—

and when his eyes see that—

Under the hill where the sun shines dimmer,
Shrunk from the eager beam,
The brook goes on, with a fitful glimmer,
And music for a dream—

his Greek heart cries out—

Give me a bed with a brookfall nigh me
Pattering low and sweet,
And a glimpse of the Dryads glancing by me
With white unbuskined feet;

Give me a brown-leaved volume olden,
Quaint with its antique dream,
Leading the full-flowered fancies golden,
Back in a swelling stream;

And a vision of ancient groves and meadows,
Where Hyacinthus nods,
And fairly gleam through the mythic shadows,
White temples of the gods.

This delight in the sensuous beauty of nature, and these antique fancies, often recur in the poems. In the Puritan woods he will have it, that the flowers are asphodel, the brook Idalian, that the brown Dryads glimmer through the leafy arcades, and the Naiads car their white shoulders through the stream:

These are bacchantes under the trees
Filled to the brim with mirth and wine,
Pards and thyrsi and life to the lees;
Golden goblet and juice of the vine.

And where the shadow deepest lies,
Those are fauns; now what do you think!
And fool Silenus, with star-like eyes
Stooping again to drink.

Is not the picture of Silenus in these playful lines, a photograph—true to the life?

In "The Dead Tasso" we have a strain of Tennysonian music, with the full Tennysonian concourse of vowels:

Send the deep lyric tones of thy lament
Saddening the immemorial Appenine,
And broadening o'er the conscious Tyrrhene sea
Softlier, sadlier, toward the Afric coast
Until o'erwearied with its mournfulness,
The blue waves rock it to a sleep of death.

The same poem has a graphic picture with a felicitous stroke of description:

—let there be
The glare of torches and high mummery!
The long, dull, monkish line beneath the stars,
Slack-drawn round corners of the dusky street,
The chant and pageant 'neath imperial dome.

Whoever has chanced to notice a slow procession filing around a corner, will acknowledge the descriptive felicity of the italicised phrase.

There is much to say of Mr. Sutliffe's poems—much for, something against—but we will shut down the gate, and be dumb. Like most young poets, he is autobiographical, and we see his inner life in his works. He has not found life in its hard actualities the Greek dream that his fancy craves; there are pain and ugliness where there should be pleasure and beauty; there are sad contrasts; there are personal pangs; and he leaves the record of his dissatisfaction and grief in many lines of depression and sorrow. It is natural. While life lacks satisfaction and joy, the heart will lament the lack, and as in summer we sometimes hear an autumn wind, so through the deep summer of the poet's verse will run a moan.

Here we leave the poets, and, turning one prodigious somersault from poetry to prose, we alight upon the sixth volume of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA, edited by Messrs. Ripley and Dana (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)—The present volume begins with Cough and ends with Education, thus making two extremes meet, which, we are sorry to say, meet too often in practical life, the connexion between consumption and culture in this free and happy country being painfully well-known. There is one cardinal merit in the present Cyclopædia which we have not seen noticed—to wit, that it is edited by men of sufficient liberality of view to allow full information on certain subjects which the highly respectable parties who edit more pretentious works of this kind, are apt either to omit mentioning, or to treat without candor. It may be added here (what perhaps is not generally realized) that an Encyclopædia like this is not a mere storehouse of skeleton facts, but a collection of well-written and agreeable essays on all sorts of subjects. The biographical sketches in the present volume are really interesting, and a man owning a work like this is in possession of a pretty considerable and entertaining library.—(Mr. John McFarlan, Arcade Hotel, is the agent for this city.)

THREE ERAS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE (Burnham, Boston,) is a good novel, depicting an admirable woman in her threefold character of Maid, Wife and Mother. The story has much power, thought, and strong dramatic interest.

BLACKWOOD, for June, gives Lord Macaulay a terrible overhauling for the portrait of Marlborough in his History of England. It is worthy of the vigorous days of Kit North, Maginn, and the rest. The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July, is out. (Phillips & Sampson, Boston.) A good number, with stories and essays and criticisms, and among the rest a poem, exquisite in feeling and brilliant pictorial fancy, entitled "After the Revel," which we recognize "by the style" to be the composition of one of our contributors—"one of us"—MISS NORA PERRY, of Providence, R. I.

THE PRESS brought intelligence of the death of Dr. Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, who died on the Arago, on the 5th inst., while *en route* to Europe, for the benefit of his health. Dr. Bailey was born at Mount Holly, N. J., in 1807, but was educated in Philadelphia, where his father removed when he was a child. Receiving the degree of M. D. at the age of 21, he went to Canton as ship-surgeon, and returning, took charge, at Baltimore, of the *Methodist Protestant*, as editor. He has published the *Era* for some ten or twelve years past. In private life he was a most amiable and genial companion.

HUNT'S Merchant's Magazine enumerates no less than thirty-eight substances which are employed to give potency, flavor, consistence and other desirable qualities to lager beer.—Among them are chalk, marble-dust, opium, tobacco, henbane, oil of vitriol, copperas, alum, strychnine, and other deadly drugs.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

"Hark from the tombs!"—but not by any means "a doleful sound." A few days since we visited the lovely cemetery of Woodlands, which occupies what long ago, in "the good old Colony times," and for many years after, was the park of the "Hamilton House." That noble old mansion is standing still, and bids fair to stand at least a hundred years longer. It is spacious and stately, and reminds me somewhat of Washington's Head-Quarters, at Cambridge—now Mr. Longfellow's residence.—It stands high and has a double front. That toward the Schuylkill is very fine. From a large piazza with a tessellated marble floor and lofty pillars, you look away, over beautiful rolling grounds, and between grand old trees, to the river, and across it, to the vast city. On this side is nothing of the cemetery. The grounds look wonderfully like portions of an English park, and the house would wear precisely its old aspect, patrician, yet home-like, were it not that the windows about the great hall door have been set with stained glass, bearing certain pious and mortuary inscriptions, very good in their place, on tomb-stones, and chapel windows, but it seems to me, out of place here—in a building which, with all its aristocratic and hospitable associations, can never, without ruinous—I had almost said *sacrilegious*—remodeling, be solemnized into a religious edifice. Surely it would have been in better taste to have kept the old mansion as much *in statu quo* as possible. Thus much of consideration was due to the very respectable *manes* of those who builded and planted, enjoyed and suffered here, in the olden time.

The grounds, though not very extensive, are finely adapted for a cemetery. They are beautifully laid out, carefully cultivated, and thickly filled with tombs and monuments—some in excellent taste, and some, as is always the case, unhappily—pretentious, *bizarre*, and elaborately ugly. Among the epitaphs, as far as I had time to examine, there was the usual doleful uniformity of eulogy and moralizing. I remarked nothing strikingly poetical, and nothing eccentric—nothing quaint even, except some of the Scriptural quotations. In this gravest of all literature, people seem to be afraid of poetry, of fancy, of simplicity and heartiness even. Why should they be? Why should not the loving, sorrowing heart speak over the grave its own simple, passionate language?—why should not the imagination of the Christian kindle into glorious prophecy there?—why should not the stricken soul utter its grandest and sweetest thought there? as the harp, heavily struck, sends out melodious wailing, and the bruised herb complains in fragrance.

By-the way, I found one of the most peculiar epitaphs I have ever met with, in the graveyard of a western city. It was a husband's fond, yet somewhat extravagant tribute to the memory of his wife, whose name was *Columbia*, and who doubtless was a very worthy person, who well became her name. He the bereaved widower, apostrophised the spirit of the departed, in the words of—Dwight—I believe it is, or, mayhap, Barlow:—

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise!
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!"

To return to Woodlands.—Many of the monuments to private individuals, seem to me too ponderous. The effect of such a fearful weight of marble, or granite, piled upon graves is disagreeable, even painful to me. I think monuments should always have an effect of lightness and aspiration—should be something shaft-like, or flame-like in form. I like a single column, pure white, and slightly ornamented—or a simple tablet, laid on the breast of the grave—with a brief inscription—brief almost as a heart-throb. These for out-door burial-places, where I never like to see statues or busts of the dead—their most fitting memorials in chapels or minsters.

We found the whole cemetery gorgeous and resplendent with flowers, and the air drunk with perfumes. Now, we came upon a flaming bush of red roses, which seemed burning incense in pious masses over the graves, so sweet and so glowing was it—now upon a snowy monument of white roses—telling the story of some baby's sweetness, of some maiden's beauty, in fragrance and bloom. Now over a sombre mourning railing, swept a bounteous honeysuckle vine—overrunning the gloom of death with the joy of heaven, a very cataract of creamy and crimson bloom, a wild tangle of blossoms, which seemed actually dripping with sweetness. Here a vine had clambered up a tree, and hung out clusters of flowers, like chimes of tiny bells, which, as the wind swung them to and fro, tolled their heavy perfumes over the dead.

Nothing is so fit as flowers and trees for watchers over the graves of our beloved. How they perpetuate their beautiful memory from year to year—each keeping the sacred trust through its season, and passing it on to the next. The violet wakes with it in the spring, and looks up at us with the smile of some tender blue eye, closed forever;—the lilac and the snow-ball, dear homestead flowers, blossom with *their* lost life—the rose breathes forth their love, and thoughts unspeakable of the beauty of holiness and the glory of Him in whose presence they dwell. The white lily, most holy and virginal of flowers, elect of Heaven, ever annunciative of the divine, typifies their angelic purity and gracious loveliness—the morning glory kindles with their joy, is streaked with the dawn of their paradise,—the magnolia drinks to their memory, in beakers of odorous dew, held aloft in the summer morning air—while the pansies in the grass, are but *pensees* of them, passed into flowers—transfigured "remembrance" and sorrow. The last hardy chrysanthemum of November, only resigns the trust to the faithful cedar, who keeps it green all winter.

Not only do flowers speak to us, of the love and loveliness of our lost, but we may hope, to *them* of our tender and constant affection. They are the best interpreters between us and the angels. Doubtless, had we the eyes to discern them, we should often find the "shining ones" sitting within the tomb and beside the grave.

I love to see bouquets of flowers laid upon mounds, or monuments, in seasons when few or none are blooming around. It shows that human hearts are even more fond and faithful than Nature. I would rather see them there even when faded, than a fadeless wreath of *Immortelles*—that most economical and ugly of all mourning tributes. By the way, they have got to making and selling these wreaths here—just such as I saw hanging on the crosses, and piled on the mounds of *Pere La Chaise*. They are of a bright yellow color, and painted in black, with various inscriptions, as—"*Mon ami*," "*Mon frére*," "*Ma mére*."

I know they are esteemed very poetical offerings, but I cannot like them. They seem to me not so much flowers, as the mummies of flowers—and even when growing, dead.

This superseding the gloomy, confined old burying grounds of our cities, with beautiful extensive cemeteries, is one of the happiest, most humanizing and Christianizing improvements of the day. I long to see it adopted in all country towns, where it were well if people would "consider their latter end," in other than the theological sense—and not neglect to provide a decent resting-place for the body, while striving to secure celestial housing for the soul. A more kindly and liberal spirit toward the dead surely needs to be cultivated, in most of the rural districts. In how many country places do we find the grave, which should be the beloved and oft-frequented shrine of sorrowing affection, a neglected and an avoided spot! The burying-ground, "God's Acre," often occupies some bare, bleak hill, where the land is fit for nothing else, and the surroundings are most forlorn. I have seen it utterly without trees, shrubbery, or a single garden-flower—with no evidence of cultivation or care, except such as the sexton, rude gardener, gives it—with a few stiff tombstones, of a terrible sameness in form and inscriptions, half overgrown with grass and weeds, some broken and some awry—a dreary, desolate little settlement of the dead, which the most perturbed and lugubrious of ghosts would forbear to haunt, and which we may scarcely hope the happy souls of the dead ever visit, banishing themselves from Paradise to hold silent trysts with love and sorrow. Why should they come? the living are never here to meet them, save on sad burial occasions, when a melancholy duty calls them—when they weep and pray beside the grave, and shudder at the sound of the earth upon the coffin, and hurry away, feeling all the awfulness and none of the beauty of death.

No bouquets, no wreaths, grace these unsightly mounds. Homely nature makes a kindly effort and does her best in the way of daisies and dandelions—sometimes her pity declares itself in a sweet-briar bush, sometimes she sighs in a wild violet, but oftener she makes a harsh protest against man's neglect in the form of thistles, and offers a stinging rebuke of his carelessness and sloth in a mighty growth of nettles and briars.

These ornamental cemeteries are having a beautiful and benignant influence upon us, in throwing a brave and healthful cheerfulness about the grave, in teaching the soul acquiescence and faith in the first great hard condition of human existence—a grateful acceptance of the radiant reality, life, with its dark, cold shadow, death.

In causing the *Memento Mori*, the skull and cross-bones of old, to give place to a joyous *Memento Vita*, written in flowers, we take nothing from the real solemnity of death, but only rob it of some of the terror and ghastliness attached to it by morbid melancholy and superstition.

"A laughing light of flowers" around the dead, best speaks our resignation, while typifying their blessedness.

I was struck by the effect which the brightness and cheerfulness of Woodlands had upon my little daughter,

—"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death?"

She laughed and shouted, and raced up and down the flowery walks, wild with delight. Some of the monuments pleased her greatly—particularly one of a Gothic form, which she called "a dear little house," and evidently considered a very desirable residence. She had, at first, been a little displeased that we could not drive into the grounds, like some more favored parties, and was for some time on the lookout for an empty carriage, which we could confiscate. At length, she caught sight of a hearse, coming down the hill, and cried out—"Oh, mamma! there's a nice carriage for us—stop the driver!"

I smiled, yet was touched to the heart by her utter unconsciousness, and as her happy feet danced past the graves, I prayed that it might be long ere she should know the full, heavy meaning of the word "*death*"—and that the realization might not come upon her abruptly, in any terrible way, but be gradually and painlessly received.

Most tenderly and cheerfully it seems to me, should the whole subject of death be treated, in our talks with children. For them, the grave should be covered, literally and spiritually, with flowers—for them the valley of the shadow of death should be doubly illuminated, with the home-light of love and faith, pouring through a door opening toward heaven, and with sweet welcoming light, outshining from the windows of the Father's house, but a little way off.

There were other children at Woodlands that day, who knew what death was, yet who seemed happy and tranquil, wandering about, as in some beautiful flower-garden. How different, I remember, were my feelings, as a child, when I visited the old country burying ground, on pilgrimages to the graves of my brother and sister. How silently and softly I stole along, as fearful of disturbing the dead! How I shuddered if my sacrilegious foot but touched a grave! What a fearsome sight was to me the last made mound, with fresh earth, stones and straw scattered around, with its faded turf, and the black bier, standing over it, like a grim watcher. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," and a glorious change it is; Heaven help the good work forward, till "God's Acre" shall become everywhere a place of beauty and pleasantness—where children and angels will love to come, and where the aged and toil-worn will smile down on the shaded couches of rest, waiting to receive them.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Brilliant Victory—The Allies at Milan—Paris Rejoicing—A Fixed Idea—The Modern Paladin—An Improved Honor—Feats of the Zouaves—A Curious Play Bill—Dangerous Friends—Romance of War—An Anomalous Position—A Sign of the Times.

Paris, June 9, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The brilliant successes of the Franco-Sardinian army, chronicled in my last, have proved to be but the prelude to the still more important advantages which have since been gained by the allies. The offensive movements of which the passage of the Po was the preliminary, have been conducted with such skill and celerity, that in less than a week from their commencement the allies have made good their way into the heart of Lombardy. The great battle of Magenta, begun at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Saturday, the 4th inst., between the main forces of the allies bent on crossing the Ticino, and those of the Austrians opposing this movement, terminated, after a tremendous struggle, and heavy losses on both sides, in the retreat of the Austrians, and the advance of the victorious allies on Milan; that city, abandoned by the Austrians on Sunday, sent a deputation of its municipal authorities to Victor Emmanuel on Monday, declaring the annexation of Milan and Lombardy to Piedmont to be the deliberate wish and intention of its citizens; and, on the following day, the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Sardinia entered the old capital of Lombardy, where they were received with indescribable enthusiasm by the people, and where they are at this present writing. Whether the Emperor, to whom is due the entire plan of the campaign and the vigor and promptitude that have marked the movements of the allies since their preparations have been completed, took any part, personally, in the great battle which may fairly rank in the same line with the brilliant achievements of the First Empire, is not yet known; the King of Sardinia, as usual, was in the foremost rank of the division under his command, and has received a wound in the arm, which is not, however, spoken of as serious. It is currently reported here that the Emperor regards this series of victories as conclusive, so far as open engagements are concerned. Garibaldi has so successfully revolutionized Lombardy, that the whole country, having quietly waited for the fitting moment, is ripe for the revolution which, it is expected, will be consummated by the declaration of each city and territory in favor of union with Piedmont; and nothing more, it is thought, is now necessary, but to reduce the Austrian garrisons—a task, no doubt, of no small difficulty, but to which the French army will probably prove fully equal, without necessitating the continued presence of the head of the Government. Incredible as such an achievement, accomplished in so short a time, would seem to be, the present position of affairs in the Peninsula appears fully to confirm the belief that there is a strong probability of the campaign being terminated without another pitched battle. The movements of the Austrians indicate great want of skill and decision; their position has been vastly superior to that of the allies in each engagement, and their numbers far more considerable. Yet they have constantly been worsted; and, though fighting with the utmost bravery, they have been driven constantly backwards. Imagine the state of rejoicing and glorification into which France has been thrown, from one end to the other, by the brilliant successes of this short campaign!

But to return to the two engagements which constituted the battle of Magenta, chronicled in my last.

The Austrians, finding it impossible to prevent the junction of Marshal Canrobert with the Sardinian corps d'armee near Palestro, at once abandoned Novaro and Mortara, and afterwards crossed the Ticino. They then posted themselves at Magenta, a small village on the road to Milan, east of the great canal which runs parallel to the Ticino. It is probable that the bridge across the Ticino, and that over the canal at Buffalora, were broken down, though this point is not mentioned. On the 4th inst., the allied army having purposely misled the enemy as to their intentions, crossed some miles higher up, by throwing bridges across the river at Turbigo, the enemy offering a determined resistance. The left bank of the river is covered with rice-grounds, now under water, and the troops could only cross dry-shod by taking the raised pathways of the country, being thus unable to deploy, and compelled to advance in column. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, which would seem to have given the Austrians a great chance of successfully opposing the movement, the allied army crossed the river, and General MacMahon's division, which had crossed the night before, was engaged at an early hour on Saturday morning with the Austrian forces at the bridge of Magenta, the Imperial Guard, and a corps of the Sardinian army being the first engaged, and sustaining the brunt of the struggle, it is said, for nearly two hours alone, before the other divisions could be brought to their assistance. These troops, assailed by vast masses of Austrians, could not advance, but resisted heroically. The Zouaves of the Guard, during this sharp affair, took and lost a position no less than six times! The corps d'armee of General Neil then came up, and made an offensive movement, which proved irresistible. The Austrians tried to surprise the right flank of the allies, but General MacMahon neutralized the manœuvre. The combat was then renewed with still greater violence, the corps under General MacMahon, (now Duke of Magenta) bearing down all opposition, and the day was gained by the allies; 36 cannons, several stand of colors, 4,000 knapsacks, and 7,000 prisoners were taken by the allies; and of the 120,000 Austrians engaged, 15,000 were left dead on the field, and 6,000 wounded. The loss of the French is not yet exactly known, but is estimated at 5,000 killed, wounded, or missing. Generals Espinasse and Cler, and several other officers, are among those who fell, mortally wounded, during the battle. Military men here say, on studying the details of the engagement, as given in the bulletins to the Empress, and completed by private letters, that, as at Montebello, an oversight was committed by the Emperor, who, by ordering General MacMahon to cross the Ticino the night before, had thus left him too far from the rest of the army. The *furia francese*, however, supplied the lack of more prudent combination, and the French public, at any rate, will hardly be disposed to judge severely the details of the generalship which has thus far achieved so brilliant a triumph. One result of the danger to which the French troops have thus been exposed, appears in the resolution just said to be taken by the Emperor that, in future, the army shall not be quartered in private houses, farms, &c., but shall bivouac in tents during their service in the field, as was the case under the first Emperor. Each division will thus be massed in the safest and most advantageous manner, and in far less danger of a surprise or of being left without support in case of a sudden engagement with the enemy.

On Sunday, a telegraphic despatch from the Emperor, announcing this great victory, so dearly purchased, having reached the Empress, it was at once made known through the city by placards posted up in the various quarters, and throughout the country, by telegraphic despatches to the principal cities, so that the illuminations with which the capital that evening celebrated the event, were accompanied by similar demonstrations simultaneously got up all over the country. The Empress and Princess Clotilde went along the Boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli in the evening, in an open carriage, and were everywhere greeted with the most enthusiastic cries of "*Vive l'Imperatrice!*" "*Vive la Princesse Clotilde!*" So dense was the crowd throughout the whole distance that the horses could only proceed at the very slowest walking pace; and so beside themselves with joy was this fickle population of Paris, at the "glory" of the victory, that they seemed utterly regardless of their own safety, and numbers of them were fairly under the wheels of the imperial carriage. The Empress's progress was a complete ovation; one would have thought, to witness the enthusiasm of the people, that neither the war itself, nor those who have fomented it, had ever been unpopular with the hot-headed, vainglorious multitude so energetic in their demonstrations of delight. The cannons of the Invalides fired a salute of 21 guns during the Empress's progress through the city.

Accounts from the Departments state that everywhere, on receipt of the news of the victory of Magenta, the streets of the provincial towns were decked with flags, an illumination taking place in the evening as a matter of course. Thus on Sunday night, thanks to the action of the electric telegraph, France was literally waving with flags, and blazing with illuminations from one end to the other. On the following Tuesday, the Empress, with all the Imperial Family, all her household, and all the grandees of the various Departments of the State, attended a grand *Te Deum* at Notre Dame, which venerable old pile, (now undergoing thorough repairs, preliminary, no doubt, to its beautification for the ceremony of the Imperial coronation,) was thronged with uniforms of every kind, and presented a most imposing appearance. At half-past twelve the cannons of the Invalides thundered forth a salute of 21 guns to announce that the Empress had left the Tuileries, and was proceeding, with a grand escort of troops, to the Cathedral. She was in an open carriage, wearing a silk dress of Napoleonic violet, with a white lace shawl, and a white tulle bonnet with a violet feather, looking, as usual, the pattern of graceful elegance, and as joyful as she was sad when she accompanied her inexplicable spouse to the railway a month ago. In the middle of the choir, opposite the great altar, were placed a chair of State for her Majesty, with humbler seats for Prince Jerome, Princesses Clotilde and Mathilde, and the other Princes and Princesses of the Imperial Family; places being also provided for the State dignitaries. A second salute was fired on the conclusion of the ceremony.

However much we may deplore the enormous cost, in blood and treasure, of the war now going on, the injuries to railways, bridges, buildings, harvests, and all other results of peaceful industry, the devastation of forests and groves that many generations will have to deplore, and more than these the rekindling of the pestilent thirst of the French people for martial glory which has been so great a curse to the past, and which it will be difficult for the Emperor to assuage in proportion to the brilliance of the victories he may have gained over Austria, it is impossible not to sympathize most heartily with the Italians in their present struggle, and to hope that Austria may now be driven beyond the Adriatic, and an opportunity afforded to the Italians to decide for themselves the form of government under which they will live. As to the future, I think that the most sagacious will be the first to confess their inability to divine what may be the results of this reawaking of the old warlike spirit in France. It is most certain that a very large portion of the population is beginning to look covetously across the channel, and to prophecy, with that longing which is so often "father to the thought," that the "shame of Waterloo" is soon to be avenged, and the "pride" of England brought low. From my own personal observation I should say that the prospect of war with England would send two-thirds of the French people into ecstacies, and that if such a complication be not brought about, it will be to the clearer judgment of the Emperor himself that such a result will be owing. The French, strangely enough, have so little real knowledge of the strength and resources of England, and look on that country so completely as a mere money-making community, that they imagine themselves able to invade and conquer their old rival (never more cordially hated than since she has been their ally) at a single blow. It may be that the Emperor, with his intimate knowledge of the country in which he passed so many years of exile, may show himself wiser in this matter than the majority of his people; but most assuredly, in the present temper of France, the idea of a war with England would be hailed with enthusiasm. It is not pretended that, apart from the old sores, and present jealousies of the commercial development and national prosperity of the United Kingdom, France has any cause for going to war with the latter. But the bitter feeling is none the less strong and hostile for having no real basis in present facts; and any pretext for a rupture, however futile, would, I fear, be accepted with acclamation. Meantime too much praise cannot be given to the French for their kindness to the wounded Austrians that fill their own hospitals, and their courtesy to the immense mass of prisoners who have fallen into their hands.

Victor Emmanuel, and the Zouaves, as usual, have come in for a large share of the honors of the day. In confirmation of the statement that the Third Zouaves, were recently given to the King of Sardinia, by the Emperor, to serve as his body-guard through the war, we now learn that General Lamarmora, of Crimean celebrity, had a horse shot under him beside his royal master. The renowned corps referred to are enchanted with the personal bravery of the King, and have been honoring him in a very characteristic manner. It appears that the corps in question, after the battle of Palestro, were dining in a farm-house in which they had made their quarters, and were enjoying the varied and abundant fare those light-fingered and wide pantalooned fellows always contrive to procure, over and above their rations, wherever they may happen to be, when the conversation turning on the gallantry of the King, one of them cried out, "He fights so well he deserves to be a Zouave!" The remark was universally agreed to, and one of the buglemen of the regiment proposed to elect the King at once into their body. The proposition was enthusiastically received, and the eldest sergeant, procuring pen and paper, proceeded at once to draw up a document stating that "The Third Zouaves, had elected King Victor Emmanuel, a corporal of their regiment." The paper was then signed by the entire body, and at once transmitted to his Majesty, who was delighted with his promotion, and regards it as the greatest honor that could have been bestowed upon him. His Majesty will no doubt maintain this new title with as much pride as did the first Napoleon the cognomen of "The little Corporal," awarded to him, under similar circumstances, in the early part of his career.

Victor Emmanuel, though somewhat bluff and rough in manner, is as pitiful as he is brave. At the conclusion of the battle of Montebello, he stopped on the field before two volunteers who were mortally wounded, addressed a few words of consolation to them, when one of them replied, "Sire, I only regret dying in the first battle!" and the other, "Sire, deliver this poor Italy!"

A letter from the Sardinian camp says, "The Zouaves rivalled our own men in trying to prevent the King from being touched at Palestro; and seeing they could not keep him from advancing, ran before him. Thirteen Zouaves took a cannon; twelve of them were wounded, some in the head, some in the hand, some in the legs; only one, a corporal, was unhurt. A Zouave, covered with blood, but whose ardor was unabated, said to his comrades, "We have no horses to draw this cannon, but let us take twelve prisoners, and harness them to the piece!" No sooner said than done; and the gun, drawn by a dozen Austrian soldiers, was taken triumphantly to Palestro!

A few days before the battle, these brave fellows were at Tortona, enthusiastically devoting themselves to the pleasures and excitements of the stage. The following is a textual reproduction of the playbill of the last representation they gave in that town:

THEATRE OF TORTONA,

Without the Permission of Monsieur, the Mayor,

To-day, this 24th May, 1859,

The Comedians in ordinary of the troops of the 3rd Zouaves

WILL GIVE

In honor of the victory gained by the Austrians over the French and the Piedmontese,

The first representation of

A GOOD SCOURING,

Tragedy in one act, intermingled with verses improvised for the occasion.

Mme Ristori not having been able to arrive in time, her part will be played by

Monsieur Beauvallet,

Not him of the French theatre of Paris, but Jean Beauvallet,

Corporal of the trumpeters, who will play that instrument, and also the role of *Sergeant Scouremtodeath*.

Jobin and Ninette, &c.,

done into three acts, to please the Piedmontese.

A BALLET

executed by the handsomest fellows of the battalion.

Interlude;

The Cantinier of troop will shave himself without a mirror, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

A lot of things even better.

The representation will take place in the open air, at the entrance of the camp. In case of rain it will take place all the same.

Smoking permitted in the theatre.

Admission: gratis.

As for the Arab soldiers, called Turcos, disciplined by French officers, and led by them, of whose camp at Genoa mention was made in one of my late letters, they fight, not like French soldiers, not even like the Zouaves, but like tigers, panthers, or what we may suppose fiends to be. They climb and turn with the agility and rapidity of wild-cats, and leap on the enemy, literally, with a strange sort of elastic spring, like that of a beast of prey. They have hitherto proved perfectly amenable to the word of command, though fears were felt lest the sort of fury that seems to possess them on the approach of an enemy, should render them unmanageable. They have been very useful in the late engagements, being, if possible, more daring than the Zouaves themselves. Their officers say they fear nothing for them but cavalry. Habituated to fighting on foot, they do not like the proximity of horses, Arabs though they be, and it is doubtful whether they would be able to stand a charge of cavalry. Their camp is apart, and although they have tents, it is found that they will not sleep in them, preferring to lie in the open air on the ground outside. When their rations are distributed, cows or oxen are brought to their camp alive, killed then and there, cut up on the spot, and the flesh is then divided, still warm, among the men; a part of these cook their portions, but the greater number of them are positively declared, by eye witnesses, to be in the habit of devouring their meat raw, just as they get it; no wonder there is in this singular corps something that at once reminds the visitor of "beasts of prey!"

Among the other incidents which crowd the journals and the private letters received from the seat of war, we learn that when the Emperor visited the hospital at Voghera, he observed a young soldier who had been hit in the shoulder by a bullet, which came out at the back, and at the foot of whose bed was a splendid gold-lace sword-belt, and a large hat ornamented with cock's feathers, such as the Austrian Generals wear. It seems that in the action at Montebello, the soldier was near a brilliant horseman, who discharged his pistol at him point blank, and brought him to the ground. The horseman was dashing on, when the soldier, though severely wounded, raised himself by a violent effort, and stabbed the horseman several times with his bayonet, killing him on the spot. The soldier then possessed himself of the officer's hat and belt as trophies of war. When taken up, nearly insensible, after the fight, he still grasped them firmly, and they were carried with him to the hospital, and hung up at the foot of his bed. Baron Larry, the surgeon-in-chief, narrated this anecdote to the Emperor, who went up to the bed and examined the hat and belt. The soldier, ignorant of his visitor's quality, and uneasy at seeing people about his treasures, raised his hands as though to protect his property, and was only reassured when his visitor had gone away. He little thought of the surprise that awaited him. The Emperor directed Baron Larry to prepare a note of the man's name and exploit, and next day, at table, asked for it. The Baron handed it to the Emperor, and his Majesty said:

"Monsieur le Baron, I intend to bestow the Cross of the Legion of Honor on this soldier, and as it will be in part to you that he will owe it, I charge you to transmit it to him."

When the Baron went to the hospital, the man was asleep, but he awoke him and held up the Cross before him. When the soldier saw it sparkling before him at the end of the red ribbon, he opened his eyes very wide, and being told that it was for him, was overwhelmed with astonishment and joy. His features expressed the utmost delight, but he could only stammer forth,

"Monsieur, tell the Emperor I thank him very much, and tell him good morning for me."

And it is to be noted that the Baron executed the commission.

A letter from Casale, in a Lyons paper, says, "I yesterday met, in the Piazza Savone, a French light infantry soldier with a sparrow perched on his shoulder; the soldier was smoking, the sparrow chirruping.

"'Do you breed birds, *mon brave?*' I inquired.

"The man smiled, and answered:

"'This is an orphan from Montebello. The day of the fight, on leaving the village, we chased the Austrians across the fields. Bullets whistled among the trees like hail, and this poor bird, being very young, and frightened, fell from its nest on my arm. I thrust it into my *shako*, which had been pierced by two balls, and thought no more of it until, on returning, I felt something scratch my head, and I then said, it is my little prisoner. My comrades were much surprised and amused when I took out the bird from my cap. I have kept him ever since, and we love each other dearly, don't we, Montebello?"

"As he spoke, he held out his finger to the bird, who hopped on it without hesitation. I begged permission," adds the writer of the letter, "to give Montebello a kiss and a few *sous* to buy some cherries; the permission was at once accorded, and Catullus could hardly have kissed more tenderly the bird of Leabia than I did that little sparrow!"

Kossuth had left England, and is believed to be on his way to Hungary, to organize in that country a movement similar to that of Garibaldi, whose exploits are something fabulous, and who has so greatly contributed to the success of the allies. Singular turnings of the kaleidescope which have brought Louis Napoleon into Italy, let us hope, as its deliverer, and that have given him, for the present, at all events, Garibaldi and Kossuth for welcome coadjutors!

We are waiting with the greatest interest to know what course Austria will take after the reverses of the last fortnight. One division of her army is utterly destroyed, and General Urban, with his flying company, destined to make "short work" of Garibaldi, has been utterly routed by that leader, and his company cut to pieces or dispersed. Austria may endeavor to engage the allies in another pitched battle, or she may retire to her fortresses while the country makes itself over to the King of Sardinia. The Parisians imagine that the Emperor will be back again in the course of a few days; but as the Emperor, previous to his departure, spoke to those about him of the month of August as the period at which he expected to return, these anticipations will probably prove to be premature.

The sympathies of Europe are more and more with Italy in the struggle now pending, and all the efforts of Austria to enlist Germany in her cause, seem destined to fail, unless her German possessions should be attacked, which is not likely to be the case at present.

The Romans, having got up another "silent demonstration" in honor of France, General Gazon has requested them to abstain from this course in future. Rather hard, it would seem, for Rome to be not only held back by France herself from co-operation in the national cause which France is fighting for, and not only prevented from joining the allies, but actually ordered, by French authority, to abstain from testifying their joy at the successes of the French fighting for Italy!

The present position of France must seem most anomalous to those who do not understand that the Emperor is fighting, not to give Italy freedom as Anglo Saxons and other "revolutionists" understand that word, but to remove the glaring injustices and abuses which tempt to violent revolutions, and render regular government impossible. But this distinction is not understood even here by the mass of the people, who have a vague idea that the Emperor is entering on a very democratic line of policy.

A gentleman of this city who holds an important post in the practical management of one of the principal French railways, tells me that he has personally superintended the sending off of an immense number of troops to the seat of war, and that every detachment, without exception, went off to the inspiring strains of the *Marseillaise*, a song strictly prohibited under the present regime, and for no other fault than the singing of which many a poor fellow is at this moment frizzling to death in the pestiferous heat of Cayenne,—and that the men sang this song at the very top of their voices, in chorus, and with all the energy and vehemence of other times. No attempt was made to stop this singing, either by their officers or the police; in fact, it would have been impossible to do so. Moreover, since the scene of the Emperor's departure, when his carriage was surrounded, and he himself not only shaken hands with, but actually hugged and kissed by scores of his enthusiastic lieges, all singing this song in concert with the lancers of the Imperial Guard, under his very nose, and would have taken out the horses from his carriage, and dragged him with this unwonted music to the station with their own brawny arms if the police would have let them, the severity of the authorities has been strangely relaxed here; and not only the conscripts and volunteers, but their friends and the public may frequently be heard rousing out these "incendiary" melodies in the streets, without let or hindrance on the part of the "guardians of order," usually so implacable towards offences of this description. What this may portend, I would not venture to say; but those who think the Emperor will be disposed to modify his internal policy in a democratic sense, are probably destined to find themselves mistaken.

Meantime, Queen Victoria has written to the Empress sympathizing with her wifely anxieties in the absence of the Emperor, and expressing her good wishes for her discharge of the important duties thus devolved on her; the Court has gone into mourning for 21 days for the King of Naples, with whose successor France and England are about to renew diplomatic intercourse, and the Bey of Tunis has sent a detachment of 2,000 soldiers to fight under the orders of the allies.

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

The wheat harvest in Kentucky is rapidly progressing and will soon be over. The yield is, in general, fine, and the quality of grain most excellent. It is thought that the crop of 1859 in the largest and best ever raised in Kentucky.

It is now ascertained that the Emperor of Austria reached Milan just in time to learn the defeat of his army, and to assist in the evacuation of Milan. That was not the entertainment to which he invited himself.

During a heavy rain storm in St. Louis last week, the pavement of one of the principal streets, above a large sewer, caved in as two heavily loaded wagons were passing, and five horses falling into the sewer, were drowned.

A paragraph in the last California paper says that Gen. Walker is about to quit filibustering and marry a wealthy lady of Lower California, who once saved his life. She is a Catholic, and Walker's conversion to that religion is said to have some connection with his matrimonial designs. A despatch from New York, however, says that he is engaged in a new expedition for the conquest of Nicaragua.

The municipality of Paris has generously and humanely conceded to M. de Lamartine, for his life, a small country house and garden in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne, near Passy, in order that the impoverished poet may be enabled to carry on his heavy literary labors in peacefulness and tranquillity.

The Emperor of Austria is one of the best linguists in the empire. It is said that he speaks thirteen languages perfectly, and that he is, in the imperial council, the only man who understands all the languages of his vast dominions.

In a recent article in Blackwood, supposed to be by Sir A. Alison, Macaulay is thus *praised*: "In his own department we still regard him as unrivalled. He is beyond comparison the greatest master of brilliant and unscrupulous fiction that has ever adorned the language, or disgraced the literature of England."

The Crossing of the Niagara on a Tight Rope.—*Buffalo, June 24.*—Next Thursday, the 30th inst., has been fixed for the crossing of the Niagara river, near the Falls, on a tight rope by M. Blondin. The rope has already been stretched.

Another Slaver Seized.—*New York, June 24.*—An arrival at this port reports having spoken, May 24, in lat. 52, long. 28 31, the barque Ardennes, bound for New York, in charge of a prize crew, from the U. S. ship Marion. The vessel had been seized on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade.

The New Hampshire Legislature—Anti-Fugitive Slave Law Measure.—*Concord, N. H., June 23.*—In the House of Representatives to-day, a bill providing that any person who shall aid or abet in the rendition of a person claimed as a fugitive slave, shall be punished for the first offence by five years' imprisonment, and for the second by imprisonment for life, passed its first stages by a vote of 134 yeas to 101 nays. *June 24.*—In the House to-day, the further consideration of the personal-liberty bill was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 277 yeas to 14 nays. The Legislature will adjourn on to-morrow.

It is understood at Washington that the entire amount necessary for the purchase of Mount Vernon has already been subscribed—thirty thousand dollars only remaining unpaid; but the Association will not close the subscription lists until a sufficient sum shall be in hand to improve the property, now in the most neglected condition. This done, the possession of Washington's home will pass at once under the control of the Association.

War bulletins take up most of the Empress Eugenie's time, but the mantuamakers are not entirely neglected. It is said that a new sleeve of her invention, which has obtained great favor in Paris, is called the Francis 1st sleeve; it is long and wide, gathered by a band of the stuff or of ribbon, which extends its whole length, and it is terminated by a round, loose wristband under which passes a gracefully puffed or ruched sleeve.

Count Walewski, one of the pillars of the Napoleonic dynasty, is an illegitimate son of the first Napoleon, by a Polish lady of high rank and much beauty—one of the few persons who remained true to him when he abdicated at Fontainebleau in 1814.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI.

The flight of Louis XVI. and his family to Varennes is not the least interesting episode in the history of the French revolution, yet it is, strange to say, the one which has hitherto been involved in the greatest mystery. Notwithstanding the labors of historians, as the Abbe Georgel, Lacretelle, Thiers, Michelet, and Louis Blanc, and of writers of memoirs, as Madame Campan, Weber, Leonard, Bertrand de Molleville, Bouille, Choiseul, Valory, De Moustier, and Goguelat, the whole circumstances of the case have never yet been made public. We are indebted, strange to say, to a romancist—and that a most distinguished one—for clearing up this mystery. M. Alexandre Dumas insists, and, at all events, in this instance with great show of reason, that he takes far more trouble in obtaining his historical materials than the world gives him credit for. Being engaged in a work, the scene of which was intended to open at Varennes on the night of the 22d and 23d of June, 1791—that is to say, the night upon which the King and Queen were arrested at that town—he found the details of the event involved in such inextricable confusion and contradictions, that he determined upon proceeding to the spot and investigating for himself. His researches he also resolved should commence at Chalons as a starting-point, and thither he went, accompanied by a friend, on the 21st of July, 1856, bent upon tracking the traces of the royal fugitives step by step till their arrestation at Varennes.

Louis XVI. was a captive in the Tuileries. On the 18th of April, 1790—Easter Monday—he wished to go to Saint Cloud, but the mob opposed itself to the departure of the court. The King insisted, and leant his head out of his carriage to address the rebellious multitude. But the answer he got came from a thousand voices: "No! no! the King wishes to run away!"

Now it is permitted to a captive to run away if he can. From the moment that Louis XVI. definitely perceived that he was such, he resolved upon making his escape. He could possibly have easily done so alone, but Marie Antoinette insisted upon accompanying him, and it was agreed that the flight should be general—King, Queen, children, and even a portion of the household. This multiplied the difficulties a hundredfold. The King took M. de Bouille into his confidence, and wrote to inform him that he was having two travelling carriages (berlines) made on purpose for the journey. M. de Bouille replied by advising his majesty to make his escape in two English diligences, as they were then called. He also recommended that the Marquis d'Agout, major in the French Guard, should be associated in the enterprise, as a man of skill and courage, as well as tested loyalty. The Queen objected to the first part of the proposed plan, but she agreed with the King to the second, and money was sent to M. de Bouille, who had command of all the troops stationed on the frontier between the Meuse and the Marne, to provide for the expenses of moving the troops, and to despatch a trustworthy officer—M. de Goguelat—to explore the road which leads from Chalons to Montmedy by Varennes.

The troops were in consequence disposed as follows: Those of doubtful loyalty were removed to a distance; Montmedy was occupied by artillery, the Austrians being only six miles in advance; Stenay by the royal German regiment; Clermont and Sainte Menehould by detachments of dragoons; while detachments of Hungarian hussars, with brown pelisses, were stationed at Dun and Varennes, a further detachment of forty or fifty having been pushed on to Pont de Somme Vesle, which M. Thiers calls, by mistake, Pont Somme-Ville. The King would thus be provided with detachments at every change of horses—at Pont de Somme-Vesle first, at Sainte Menehould afterwards, then at Clermont, next at Varennes, and lastly at Dun and Stenay.

The Baroness de Korff was about to leave Paris with two children, her steward, and two maids. She was induced to cede her passport to the royal family, who were thus provided for, with the exception of Madame Elizabeth and M. d'Agout. The King was to be the steward, Mesdames Brunier and de Neuville the maids, and M. de Malden was associated under the name of *Jean*, M. de Moustier under that of *Melchior*, and M. de Valory under that of *Francois*. The evasion was fixed for the 19th of June, then for the 20th, the 21st, and the 22d. This procrastination was productive of the greatest inconvenience, more especially to M. de Bouille, who had to issue new counter-orders to the troops stationed along the whole line of flight, as also to M. de Choiseul, who was to go on in advance and order the relays of horses.

The untoward chapter of incidents, characteristic of a luxurious and corrupt court, began at the same time, and continued till the final catastrophe. The Queen would not go without her hairdresser—the renowned Leonard—and he was deputed to M. de Choiseul's with the Queen's diamonds, and a letter, in which Marie Antoinette intimated that they were to start at midnight—this was the 20th—and that Leonard must accompany M. de Choiseul. It was in vain that the terrified functionary objected. M. de Choiseul made him get into his carriage, on the plea that they were only going a short distance on a special mission.

In the meantime, instead of satisfying herself with some simple resources, the Queen had ordered a travelling dressing-case to be made of such magnificence as to have been the talk of all Paris. Instead of disguising the body-guards, they were dressed in the livery of the Prince of Conde, and whilst the arms were hurried into boxes, to them were only left useless "conteaux de chasse." Instead of placing the King, as Madame de Korff's steward, in a second carriage, he was placed in the first with his supposed mistress; instead of being satisfied with four horses, it was resolved upon travelling with six—a number only permitted to royalty; and lastly, M. d'Agout, a man of parts and resolution, had to make way for a governess—Madame de Tourzel—and thus his valuable services were lost to the fugitives.

The first difficulty was to get out of the Tuileries. The royal family were really prisoners. La Fayette was responsible for them to the Assembly. There were sentinels at every door—even of the retiring-rooms. The King or Queen could not move without an escort of two or three national guardsmen. Most of the attendants were paid spies. It was resolved that the attempt to escape should be made at eleven at night—the hour when, the service at the palace being concluded, a number of persons were in the habit of returning to their homes. A valet by the name of Hue, who was of the same height as the King, was made to go forth at that hour for several days previously in the costume which the King was to adopt, so as to accustom the porters to his appearance. The same day La Fayette received intelligence of the projected flight, and he repaired to the Tuileries, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, MM. de Gouvion and Romeuf. He even remained there till half-past ten, but he appears to have gone away satisfied from what he saw that no such project was really entertained, or else secretly conniving at it.

No sooner had La Fayette gone than every one proceeded to dress. The greatest difficulty was with the poor little dauphin. He had to be woke up out of his first sleep and accoutred as a girl. The child naturally did not approve of these proceedings, and only submitted when he was told it was to take part in a play. Madame Elizabeth went out first with Madame Royale, and they were followed by Madame de Tourzel, and the dauphin with one of the gardes du corps. The sentinel contemplated the party so curiously that Madame Royale said, "Oh! aunt, we are lost! that man knows us." But Madame Royale was wrong; either they were not known, or, if they were, it was by a friend, for the sentinel turned his back upon them, and allowed them to pass by. A hackney-coach awaited them at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle.

The King came up soon afterwards, his hands in his pockets, rollicking like a well to do bourgeois. He was accompanied by a second guard. One of his shoe-buckles had dropped on the way; he did not care to stop to pick it up, but the soldier did.

"Where is the Queen?" inquired M. de Fersen, who awaited the royal family, disguised as a hackney-coachman, at the station.

"She is following," the King replied.

But half an hour went by, and no Queen came. The third garde du corps, who was with her, knew no more of Paris, than the Queen; they had gone out to the right instead of to the left, got on the quays, crossed the bridge, and penetrated into the Rue du Bac before they had found out their error. They had then the whole length of the Carrousel to traverse to get to the Rue de l'Echelle. When, at length, the Queen got to the hackney-carriage, she fell, trembling with cold and fear, in the arms of the King. The gardes du corps followed in another hackney carriage. The road pursued was, strange to say, alongside of the Tuileries; but they reached the Barriere de Clichy in safety, and, close by, were the travelling-carriages in the house of an Englishman named Crawford. The hackney-carriages were dismissed before getting up to Mr. Crawford's house. They were thus enabled to get into the travelling-carriages totally unobserved, and in an hour and a half they were at Bondy, without having experienced the slightest misgivings, save what were occasioned by Marie Antoinette's strange mistake. At Bondy they were joined by two maids, who had been sent on in a cab, and M. de Fersen left them at the same place to return to Paris. M. de Valory mounted a post-horse and galloped off in front to rouse the postilions. MM. de Malden and Moustier occupied the coach seat. The cab followed behind.

At Montmirail the spring of one of the carriages broke, and they were detained two hours. Then came an ascent, up which the King persisted in walking, and thus another half-hour was lost. It was striking half-past four at the cathedral when the travelling-carriages stopped at the post-house of Chalons, which was at that time situated at the extremity of the Rue Saint Jacques. Unfortunately M. de Valory went up to the carriage door to speak to the King and Queen. In replying, they put their heads out of the window, and were recognized by Oudet, the postmaster, as also by a stranger, attracted by curiosity. Oudet was a loyalist, and seeing the stranger make off, he became terrified, and hurried the postilions and helps, assisting them himself in getting the horses put to. When about to start, the horses stumbled twice, causing a further delay; and once off, M. de Valory, warned by Oudet of danger, rode by the side of the carriages. As they issued forth from the town a man passed the carriages on horseback, saying:

"Your measures have been badly taken; you will be arrested."

It was never known who this man was.

In the lapse of an hour they reached Pont de Somme-Vesle, a hamlet consisting of a farm and one or two houses only. It was in vain that they looked out for M. de Choiseul or M. de Goguelat, and their forty hussars; in vain their eyes peered beneath the shade of the trees that flanked the streamlet, or under the cover of the orchards. They were nowhere to be seen.

In order to understand the contretemps that had now arisen it will require to go back a little. M. de Choiseul had sent on a courier in advance, and had followed with Leonard, the mystified and affrighted hairdresser, behind. M. Leonard, at each new change of horses, could only lift up his hands to Heaven in despair. M. de Choiseul felt that the task of consoling him for his abduction was beyond his powers, so he let him do just as he liked. Whilst supping at Montmirail, two men, dressed as national guards, came up and insisted upon post-horses at once. M. de Choiseul had his horses accordingly also put to, and bidding the driver follow the strangers, he began, to the hairdresser's infinite horror, preparing his pistols for action. Luckily, between Etoges and Chaintris, the strangers left the highway for a cross-road. M. de Choiseul passed through Chalons at ten in the morning, and arrived at Pont de Somme-Vesle at eleven. The hussars had not yet arrived. He got down, however, at the post-house, and asking for a room put on his uniform, to the momentarily increasing astonishment of M. Leonard. M. de Choiseul, however, relieved the poor barber from his perplexity. He told him that the King and Queen were expected to be there in about two hours. M. Leonard wept with joy.

Shortly afterwards the hussars arrived, M. de Goguelat at their head. M. de Choiseul ordered them to picket their horses, and he distributed bread and wine among them. M. de Goguelat brought bad news. Everywhere the country was in a state of effervescence, and rumors of an attempt at flight on the part of the royal family were prevalent on the road. Whilst M. de Choiseul and De Goguelat were conversing and taking some refreshment, the peasants kept accumulating around the hussars. These peasants were mainly Swiss, and they came from villages that lay hidden in trees up the valley of the Vesle. Unfortunately there had been a dispute a few days previously between a landowner—Madame d'Elbeuf—and the peasantry; the latter had been threatened with a visit from the armed force, and hence they thought that the hussars had arrived with hostile intentions towards them. All the peasants of the environs were accordingly summoned to a common resistance.

In the meantime, the delays that had occurred were the cause that entailed a failure in the whole of the pre-arranged plans. It was in vain that M. de Choiseul, impatient, rode up an ascent that commanded a long extent of the road to Chalons—no equipages came in view. Four hours elapsed, and the hussars were, in the meantime, surrounded by upwards of three hundred hostile peasants, many of whom were armed. M. de Choiseul deemed that, under the circumstances, the escort being insufficient to protect the royal family, it would only be an obstacle in their way, so he resolved upon withdrawing the troops altogether. He accordingly left the place at five o'clock. Thus it was that upon the arrival of the royal family there was no escort; but there were also no peasants, and the road was open. The King obtained a relay of horses, but the Queen, contemplating the solitude of the place, uttered these prophetic words:

"We are lost!"

When the hussars left Pont de Somme-Vesle, they took a by-road to avoid Sainte Menehould, the inhabitants of which place had been found the same morning to be in a very excited state. This state of excitement had been since much increased by the arrival of a party of dragoons, engaged on the same service, and intended to protect the royal family on their passage through Sainte Menehould itself. These dragoons were under the command of M. Dandoins, and they were stationed at the guard-house, between the place of the Hotel de Ville and the garden of the Arquebusiers. Several times in the course of the day M. Dandoins and his lieutenant walked out to an ascent that commanded the road of Chalons. To do this, they had to traverse a great part of the town and the suburb of Fleurion, and their proceedings excited the curiosity of the people. To the questions put to them, they contented themselves by replying that they were expecting treasure.

At seven o'clock in the evening, a courier with a chamois-leather vest arrived at the post-house and ordered a relay of horses. M. Dandoins approached M. de Valory, for he it was, and whispered to him. A few moments afterwards the royal equipages arrived, and the crowd soon gathered around them.

"Who are these travellers?" they asked, of M. de Malden, as he descended from the box.

"Madame la Baronne de Korff," was the reply.

"More emigrants taking away the money of France!" murmured the spectators.

"Not so," observed M. de Malden; "the lady is a Russian, and therefore a foreigner."

In the meantime M. Dandoins had approached the carriage door, cap in hand.

"How is it, monsieur le commandant," said the King, "that I found nobody at Pont de Somme-Vesle?"

"I was myself wondering," replied M. Dandoins, "how it was that you arrived without an escort.

The King took no precautions, and a captain of dragoons, addressing a kind of steward with so much respect, having increased the suspicions, several persons thought that they recognized the King. Among these was Jean Baptiste Drouet, not the son of the postmaster, as Thiers has it, but the postmaster himself, according to Dumas, and further, a patriot, an ex-dragoon of the Queen's Regiment, and an ex-deputy of the Federation. Drouet compared the features of the supposed steward with those of the King on a paper assignat. A municipal officer named Farcy was standing by. Drouet touched his elbow.

"Do you know who that is?" he inquired.

"The King, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Run and inform the municipal council," said the postmaster.

But the equipages had by this time proceeded on their way. Only at starting a young officer of dragoons had the imprudence to fire a pistol in the air behind the carriages. This roused the populace, and a man came forth out of a barn and attempted to stop the progress of the officer with his flail. The officer put it on one side with his sword.

The municipal council decided that the equipages should be pursued and brought back.—Drouet undertook the mission, accompanied by a friend, Guillaume by name. Two others accompanied them, mounted on mules, but did not proceed far. Drouet, says M. Dumas, has been described as a fanatic resolved on regicide, but he was in reality a citizen, authorized by the magistrates to take the steps that he did. M. Dumas says that he satisfied himself of this fact by examination of the acts of the municipal council of Sainte Menehould. Again, the Abbe Georgel and M. de Lacretelle assert that the feelings of the people were favorable to the King; Louis Blanc and Michelet say that they were hostile. Dumas asserts that they were deeply hostile, but he also adds that they were constitutional royalists, and that they only sought to prevent the King's evasion, because, the King absent, a republic became possible.

Drouet and Guillaume having started in pursuit of the royal family, M. Dandoins ordered the dragoons to mount and follow. It was, however, easier to give the order than to put it into execution. The crowd had accumulated, and the national guard had armed. M. Dandoins was summoned before the municipal council, where he was asked to show his orders. They were satisfactory enough. A company of the First Regiment of Dragoons was to leave Clermont on the 19th for Sainte Menehould, where it was to wait for treasure convoyed by a detachment of the Sixth Regiment of Hussars coming from Pont de Somme-Vesle. But the mob was not satisfied: the disarmament of the dragoons was clamorously insisted upon; and the request being backed by the town council, M. Dandoins was obliged to submit.—Being then in a defenceless condition, he and his lieutenant, M. Lacour, were locked up in common jail.

Legay, an officer of the national guard, had in the same interval posted some marksmen behind the trees at the angle of the Rue des Marias and the Rue de la Porte des Bois, with orders to fire upon any man who should come in or go out of the town at a gallop. At the same time news came that the hussars had got round the town, and that Drouet and Guillaume ran a risk of falling into their hands.—Legay and two gendarmes, Collet and Lapointe, volunteered to go and reconnoitre. They had not gone far, however, before they met with the two citizens, whom we have previously alluded to as accompanying Drouet and Guillaume, but who were so badly mounted that they were obliged to return. They brought with them news, however, of the safety of the pursuers, at least as far as the Islettes. Delighted at this intelligence, Legay and his two gendarmes galloped back to town, when a sad incident occurred: the sharpshooters seeing three men enter the town at a gallop, fired at them, and one of the gendarmes was killed, the other grievously wounded, and the third—Legay—slightly so.

Many of the citizens, not liking the turn that events were taking, wished upon this to return to their houses, but the mob barricaded the streets, and those who were on the "place" were obliged to remain there all night. At midnight despatches arrived from Chalons, leaving no longer any doubt that it was the royal family who had passed through, and whom Drouet and Guillaume were in pursuit of. At one in the morning, Romeuf, aide de camp to La Fayette, and Bayon, an officer, arrived from Paris on the traces of the fugitives.

When M. Alexandre Dumas was at Sainte Menehould, he put up at the Hotel de Metz, because Victor Hugo had said in his "Rhine," "I saw at Sainte Menehould a fine thing, and that is the kitchen of the Hotel de Metz." He was also introduced there to an octogenarian, M. Mathieu, who was an eye-witness to the events that occurred in the town, and who gave to M. Dumas the particulars of which we have given only a very brief resume.

The royal equipages had left Sainte Menehould at a gallop on the road to Clermont. M. Damas awaited them at that station. At eight o'clock the same evening, a courier had reached that officer—it was poor Leonard and his cabriolet—and who informed him of the straits in which M. de Choiseul and his hussars were. M. Damas's own position was, however, little better; the town was in a state of great excitement, caused by the presence of his men—so much so, that he felt he would be obliged to withdraw in a brief space of time.

At this conjuncture, the sound of the postilions' whips was heard, and the royal carriages came up. M. Damas hurried to the carriage door to receive the King's orders.

"Let the carriages get off without your moving," intimated the King, "and then follow as soon afterwards as you can with your dragoons."

Scarcely, however, had the royal carriages got away, than the evil genius of Louis XVI. and of his family—the ex-dragoon Drouet—arrived at a full gallop. Arrived at the Islettes, Guillaume and Drouet had separated—Drouet taking the road to Clermont, Guillaume following a cross one to Varennes, by which means he expected to arrive there before the travelling carriages. Drouet arrived in Clermont, not in time to prevent the carriages getting their relays of horses, but in time to prevent the dragoons following. The latter were already mounted when the municipal officers made their appearance, and ordered them back to their quarters. This was, strange to say, the third escort that had failed the royal family, one after another. In the meantime, Drouet had changed his horse and galloped onwards. The movement did not escape M. Damas, who suspected its meaning. Taking a soldier, Legache by name, aside, he ordered him to start at once in pursuit of Drouet, to arrest him, and, if necessary, to kill him. Turning then to his men, he endeavored to excite them to resist the mandates of the town council. Failing in this, he put spurs to his horse and started off on the road to Varennes, calling out, "Let those who love me, follow!" Three men only answered to the summons.

Drouet was some two miles in advance, but he was followed by a resolute and well-mounted cavalier. At a short distance the road divided, one leading to Verdun, the other to Varennes. Drouet thought to himself that the King would not go by Varennes, as there was no post-house there; besides, Guillaume was to be at Varennes, so he would go to Verdun. But he had not gone far on his way, when he met a postilion returning from Verdun.

"Did you meet two travelling carriages, one with six horses?" inquired the postmaster.

"No," was the answer.

So Drouet had to regain the road to Varennes; and he did so by the fields. This it was that saved his life, for the dragoon, seeing that he took the road to Verdun, when he knew that the King had gone on to Varennes, let him go his own way. According to M. Dumas, we are solely indebted to M. Mathieu for these curious details. As to M. de Lacretelle, of the Academie Francaise, the Abbe Georgel, and Camille Desmoulins, "enfant terrible de la Revolution," they are as ridiculous and as false in their royalist apologies as they are in their popular diatribes. They confound Clermont with Sainte Menehould, they make the soldier start in pursuit from the latter, and they send him after Guillaume instead of Drouet. The Abbe Georgel describes the King as being arrested at Sainte Menehould, while Camille Desmoulins says of the same place: "The name recalls to mind the famous pigs' feet of our crowned Sancho Panza. He was determined not to pass through Sainte Menehould without partaking of its renowned pigs' feet, and the delay was fatal to him!"

The preparations made at Varennes were as follows:

M. de Choiseul was to provide horses, Varennes not being a post-town. There was also to be a detachment of sixty hussars stationed there. The horses arrived on the 20th, the hussars on the 21st. The town of Varennes, it is to be observed, is divided, like Boulogne, into an upper and lower town. The upper portion is called "Le Chateau." A traveller coming from Clermont enters by the high town, descends by the principal street, called Rue des Religieuses, and arrives at the Place de Latry, which has been described by Victor Hugo as being in shape like the knife of a guillotine. It was formerly a cemetery.

In the month of June, 1791, the Church of Saint Gengoulf stood on this "place," and a traveller, to reach the Rue de la Basse-cour, would have had to go round the church, had it not been for an archway under which carriages could pass so long as they were not too lofty. At the other side of this archway, the Hotel du Bras d'Or stood to the right, and twenty paces beyond was the house of the magistrate Sauce. The Hotel du Bras d'Or is now a grocery, Sauce's house is simply No. 287.—The Rue de la Basse-cour, which the traveller will now have entered, has a steep descent to a little "place," through which flows the river Aire, and which was spanned at that time by a still narrower bridge than exists there now.—This bridge separates the high from the low town. No sooner is the bridge passed, than, turning the corner of the Hotel du Grand Monarque, the traveller finds himself on the "grande place," the centre of which is occupied by the parish church. A fine wide street, called Rue de l'Hopital, leads to the high road to Cheppy, and this sends off to the left the high road to Stenay, which ascends a hillside clothed with vineyards. These details are essential to the full comprehension of the events that took place in Varennes. The unfortunate royal fugitives never got beyond the house of M. Sauce. Thiers labors under ignorance of the topography of the place, when he makes them cross the bridge, pass under an archway beyond that, and reach the Hotel du Grand Monarque. Lamartine also errs in placing the archway at the head of the bridge. The fact is, that the royal carriages could not have passed through the archway, which is carried through the Church of Saint Gengoulf. M. Dumas's informant and cicerone at Varennes was a M. Bellay, a contemporary of the events he undertook to describe.

When the carriage-horses arrived at Varennes, the circumstance excited suspicions, and these suspicions became still more grave when the hussars followed. They were, however, provided for at the old convent of the Cordeliers, on the other side of the bridge. The horses were to have been stationed at a farm in advance of Varennes, but by some sad fatality they were sent to the lower town. On the morning of the 21st, General de Bouille sent his son and M. de Raigecourt to Varennes to see that the relays were stationed at the farm, but they found the populace in such a state of excitement, that they delayed interfering till the courier should arrive, and he was expected to precede the royal carriages by two hours. We have explained, however, how it was that M. de Valory remained with the royal party, and it was not till they were near Varennes that he went on in front. It was half-past eleven when he arrived at the first houses: all was darkness, no horses were to be seen! he knocked at the door, no one answered. At this conjuncture the carriages came up. The King thrust his head out at the window:

"Well, is not the relay there?" he inquired.

"No, sire," replied M. de Valory. "I have been knocking and calling for ten minutes, and cannot obtain an answer."

The Queen, impatient, got out of the carriage, and, taking M. de Valory's arm, approached the door. By dint of knocking, a gentleman made his appearance in a dressing-gown, his naked feet hurried into his slippers. To the question he put to the party as to what they wanted, the answer was that they were on their way to Stenay, but did not know the road.

"But if I show you the way I may be compromised," replied the astute gentleman in slippers.

"And suppose you were to be compromised," replied M. de Valory, "would that prevent you giving assistance to a lady who is in a position of danger?"

"Sir," replied the stranger, "the lady behind you is not merely a lady—she is the Queen."

M. de Valory attempted to deny the fact, but the Queen drew him away, saying,

"Do not let us lose time discussing matters; let us tell the King that I am recognized."

The King then requested that the stranger should be brought to him.

"Your name, sir?" inquired the King, with his characteristic frankness.

"De Prefontaine, sire," replied the gentleman, rather taken aback.

"What are you?"

"Major in the cavalry, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of Saint Louis."

"Then, in your double quality of Major and of Knight of Saint Louis," said the King, in a tone of authority, "you have taken oaths of fidelity to me twice; it is your duty, then, to help me in the predicament in which I am now placed."

The Major still hesitating, the Queen stamped her foot with impatience.

"Sir," continued the King, "have you heard that a detachment of hussars and carriage-horses are waiting for treasure in Varennes?"

"Yes, sire, they are in the lower town; the officers are at the Hotel du Grand Monarque."

"Thank you, sir," said the King. "You can now go into your own house; no one saw you come out of it, no one heard you speak, therefore no harm can come to you."

The gallant Major took advantage of the permission thus granted to him, and took himself, dressing-gown and slippers, off as expeditiously as possible.

The King was at the same moment giving orders to proceed to the Hotel du Grand Monarque, when a man came up, covered with dust, and his horse bathed in foam and perspiration, and, placing himself in front of the carriages and across the road, he called out, with a loud, imperative voice:

"In the name of the nation, postilions, stop! You are driving the King!"

The postilions stopped as if thunderstruck. The Queen saw the danger that threatened them.

"Speak to him!" she said to the King.

"Who are you, sir? that you give orders here."

"A simple citizen, sire—only I speak in the name of the nation, and I represent the law. Postilions, not a step further; you know me well, and are accustomed to obey me. I am Jean Baptist Drouet, Postmaster at Sainte Menehould."

So, saying, the inveterate enemy of the royal family dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped down the Rue des Religieuses.

"Postilions!" shouted out the King, "to the Hotel du Grand Monarque!"

But the postilions did not move. It was in vain that M. de Valory and M. de Malden argued with them. They said M. Drouet was their master, and he had spoken in the name of the nation. The young officers were about to adopt forcible means to get rid of the recusants, when the Queen interfered, and offered 50 Louis to each and a pension of 500 francs. Whether it was dread of the weapons that had been unsheathed, or the temptation of the money, the postilions went off at a quick pace.

Drouet in the meantime had got down the Rue des Religieuses, passed under the archway, and arriving at the Hotel du Bras d'Or, he met there his friend Guillaume, who had just arrived by the Rue de la Basse cour. Both jumped from their horses simultaneously, and pushing them towards the stables by the gateway, they themselves rushed into the kitchen.

"Quick!" exclaimed Drouet; "let everybody be alarmed; the King and the royal family are making their escape! They are about to pass in two travelling carriages, and they must be arrested!"

Then, without stopping for any reply, and calling out to Guillaume to follow, the postmaster rushed out into the streets, sought or found at his hand a van laden with furniture—strange coincidence!—and, leading the horses to the bridge, they upset the van there, thus effectually intercepting all communication between the upper and the lower town.

At the same time one of the two brothers Leblanc, hosts of the Hotel du Bras d'Or, had hastened to the house of the grocer and magistrate, Sauce, and, awakening him, informed him of what was going on. The worthy grocer got up, and arousing his children, bade them go into the Rue Neuve and the Rue Saint Jean and cry out "Fire!"

The royal carriages had, in the meantime, accomplished the descent from the upper town, and arriving at the church of Saint Gengoulf, they turned off to avoid the archway, through which the carriages could not pass, and made for the Rue de la Basse-cour. At that moment, and just as they reached the angle of the "place," the smaller of the two carriages in front, two men leaped at the horses' bridles. These men were the brothers Leblanc. The lesser vehicle only contained Mesdames Brunier and De Neuville. Sauce, who had had time to dress himself, now also came forward, and requested to see the passports.

"We do not carry them," replied the ladies, "they are with the people in the carriage behind."

M. Sauce accordingly repaired to the latter, backed this time by an armed force, consisting of five national guards, the two Leblancs, Coquillard, Justin Georges, and Soncin, and reinforced by two travellers from the Hotel du Bras d'Or, MM. Thevenin from the Islettes, and Delion, from Montfaucon, both armed with fowling-pieces. M. Dumas has preserved the names of all the actors in this melancholy drama, or rather in the preliminary scene which led to so fatal a catastrophe. M. Sauce having reached the door of the second carriage, he summoned its occupants.

"Who are you?—where are you going?"

"I am the Baroness de Korff," replied Madame de Tourzel, "and I am going to Frankfort."

"Madame the Baroness," retorted Sauce, "has got out of the highway. You have, no doubt, a passport!"

The passport was produced, but M. Sauce, dissatisfied with its authenticity, lifted his lantern up into the faces of the travellers, and recognized the King. Then, turning round to the pretended Madame de Korff, he said,

"Madame, it is too late to visa a passport at this hour; it is my duty to oppose myself to your prosecuting your journey."

"And why so, sir?" interrupted the Queen, with her curt, imperative tone.

"Because, on account of the rumors abroad," replied Sauce, "there would be danger in your proceeding further."

What are these rumors?"

"They refer to the pretended flight of the royal family."

The travellers did not reply. The Queen threw herself backwards.

The passport had, in the meantime, been carried into the kitchen of the Hotel du Bras d'Or, where it was subjected to a most rigid scrutiny. The only fault that could be found in it, was, that it was not signed by the President of the National Assembly. The leading spirit of mischief, Drouet, was also there, and returning to the carriage, he addressed himself to the Queen, and not to Madame Tourzel, saying,

"Madame, if you are really Madame de Korff—that is to say, a foreigner—how is it that you have sufficient influence to command an escort of dragoons at Saint Menehould, another detachment at Clermont, and a detachment of hussars at Varennes? Be kind enough to step down, and come and explain these matters to the municipality."

The royal travellers naturally hesitated in obeying this rude summons of a postmaster; but the tocsin was now sounding through the

town, and Drouet even placed his vile hands on the King's person. The fortunate magistrate, Sauce, also began to find himself in a position of embarrassment. He did not know precisely how to act. If he aided and abetted the patriots, he compromised himself before royalty; if he did not arrest the King, he compromised himself with the patriots. Hence, he was induced to adopt a mean term. Humbly, and with his hat in his hand, he approached the carriage door, and thus addressed the travellers:

"The municipal council is about to deliberate as to whether or not you can continue your journey; but the rumor has spread that it is the King and his august family whom we have the honor to receive within our walls. I beg of you, whoever you may be, to accept my house as a place of safety till the deliberation is over. The alarm-bell has, as you must have heard, been sounding for now a quarter of an hour, the mass of the inhabitants of the town will be increased by that of the country people, and the King—if it is really the King to whom I have the honor of speaking—may find himself exposed to annoyances which we cannot prevent, and which would fill us with grief."

There were no means of resistance. The gardes du corps were at the mercy of thirty men armed with guns—the escort was, by some extraordinary fatality, for the fourth time wanting—in fact, it had never been at the right place at the right moment throughout the whole journey, and Louis XVI. and his family had no alternative but to accept the shelter proffered to them in the grocer's shop. The grocer himself persisted in addressing the King as his majesty; the King persisted in declaring that he was M. Durand, simple valet de chambre. But the haughty spirit of Marie Antoinette could not brook the humiliation to which she saw the King subjected.

"Well," she exclaimed, in her wrath, "if he is your King, and I am your Queen, treat us with the respect that is due to us."

The King, roused by the words, raised himself up, and said, with an expression of majesty:

"Well, yes, I am the King, and there is the Queen, and there are my children."

But the cruel romancist has no pity even for Louis XVI. The King, he intimates, naturally without dignity even in the regal garments, was absolutely vulgar in his disguise, and his words had no effect. This we should suspect was altogether an uncalled-for remark. The rebels by whom the King was surrounded would have as little regarded regal dignity as they did the royal person.

A sudden inspiration had, however, nearly saved the monarch.

"Surrounded in the metropolis by bayonets and daggers," said the King, "I have come to the country to participate in that peace and liberty which you, my faithful subjects, all enjoy there. I and my family can no longer remain in Paris. They seek our lives."

And opening his arms, he pressed the grocer-magistrate to his bosom. All those who witnessed this scene felt the tears come to their eyes. At that very moment the sound of cavalry was heard. It was M. de Goguelat at the head of his forty hussars. The King hoped for assistance. Sauce became apprehensive of danger, and made his illustrious visitors ascend to a back room. Voices were already to be heard exclaiming,

"The King! the King!" and others were replying, "If it is the King you want, you shall only have him dead!"

Sauce descended for a moment, and then returned with M. de Goguelat. The King beat his hands on seeing a friendly countenance, and was still more rejoiced when, behind M. de Goguelat, he saw M. de Choiseul, followed by M. Damas. The three officers, as they entered, cast their eyes around them. It was, indeed, a strange sight. In that small room there was a table, and on that table some glasses and a bit of paper; the King and Queen were on one side; near the window were Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale; the dauphin, worn out with fatigue, slept on a bed; Madame de Tourzel and Mesdames de Neuville and Brunier sat at the foot of the bed. Two peasants, armed with pitchforks, stood as sentinels at the door.

The first word the King uttered was:

"Well, gentlemen, when do we start?"

"Sire, whenever it shall please your majesty."

"Then, gentlemen, go down, get the road opened, but do not use violence."

The young officers withdrew. Already the national guard was summoning the hussars to dismount.

"Hussars!" shouted M. de Goguelat, "remain mounted."

"What for?" inquired an officer of the national guard, Le Roi by name.

"Take care of the King," replied M. de Goguelat.

"We can take care of him without you," retorted the officer.

Messrs. de Goguelat and De Choiseul once more went up to the royal family, and addressing themselves to the Queen, they told her that it was of no use thinking of getting off with the carriages; but one chance still remained, and that was for the King and herself to start on horseback. The bridge was barricaded, but at the extremity of the Rue St. Jean the river was fordable, and the hussars would act as an escort. For once in her life the Queen shrank before peril—that resolute heart trembled at the idea of an encounter, a skirmish, a few balls!

"Speak to the King, gentleman," she said; "it is the King who resolved upon this step, it is for the King to order; my duty is to follow." And then she added, timidly, "M. de Bouille will probably come to our rescue."

"Gentlemen," said the King, oppressed by the same apprehensions as the Queen, "can you satisfy me that in such an encounter some stray ball shall not hit the Queen, my sister, or my children?"

A deep sigh escaped simultaneously from the breasts of the young officers. They felt that the King and Queen were not equal to an effort for their liberty or their lives. The three gardes du corps bit their lips with vexation. They were there ready to do anything.

"Then," added the King, "let us reason coolly. The municipality does not refuse to let me pass; the worst that can happen is that we shall be detained till to-morrow. Now, before morning, M. de Bouille, who is at Stenay, eight leagues hence, will be informed of our position. He cannot, therefore, fail to be here to-morrow. Then we can go away without danger, and without having recourse to violence."

Scarcely had he uttered these words than the municipal council made its appearance. Their decision was brief and precise: "The people are absolutely opposed to the King's continuing his journey. It has been resolved to despatch a courier to the National Assembly to ascertain its wishes." A citizen of Varennes, M. Maugin, a surgeon, had, indeed, already started on the mission.

M. de Goguelat saw that there was not a moment to lose. He threw himself down stairs, jumped on horseback, and shouted out,

"Hussars! are you for the King or for the nation?"

The hussars were Germans; they did not perfectly understand the appeal made to them, and some replied, "La nation! la nation!" and others, "Der Koenig! der Koenig!"

The miscreant Drouet rushed up at this crisis to M. de Goguelat, gun in hand:

"You wish to have the King," he exclaimed, "but I swear you that you shall only have him dead."

"If you move a step," shouted M. Roland, the commandant of the national guard, cocking a pistol he had in his hand at the same time, "I will kill you!"

M. de Goguelat pushed his horse upon him. M. Roland fired so close that the flame of the pistol terrified the horse, and it fell over on its master. Seeing their leader down, the hussars began to move, but Drouet cried out:

"Gunners, to your guns!"

The hussars could see in the obscurity two lights borne to two little guns stationed as a battery at the bottom of the Rue Saint Jean; they believed themselves to be placed between two fires, and shouted out:

"Vive la nation!"

The two guns were perfectly useless, the rust had long ago eaten up their touchholes. M. de Goguelat had, in the meantime, rejoined the royal family, his head severely cut by the pavement. The scene had also changed with them. They had heard the shouts and the firing, and now that M. de Goguelat came in, bathed with blood, their fears got the better of their judgment. Even Marie Antoinette, who was, in reality, the life and force of the family, gave way to terror. She appealed for succor to the grocer's wife, whilst the King was addressing himself to Sauce, as if he, poor man, could do anything at such a conjuncture.

Day dawned at length upon Varennes. The streets, the place of the Rue Neuve, and that of Latry, were encumbered with people. The citizens cried out from their windows, "To Paris! to Paris! take the King to Paris!" The King was then prevailed upon to show himself at a window to calm the excitement. Alas! Louis XVI. was scarcely himself, and great was the stupefaction when, having shown himself, he proved to that hostile multitude that which it would never have credited—that a King could be a fat, pale, heavy-looking man, with red, dull eyes, hanging lips, tattered wig and gray coat, with not a word to say for himself! The crowd stared, howled, and then took pity. Some even shouted "Vive le roi!" It is possible that if Louis XVI. had been an active, resolute and intelligent man, he could have taken such advantage of the kindly feelings awakened by his presence as to have induced the mob to come to his aid and that of his wife and children; but the monarch who had to be prompted by his Queen at the Hotel de Ville could not find a word at Varennes. He had neither dined well nor slept well. Louis XVI. had sunk into a state of almost total apathy.

At about half-past six M. Deslon arrived from Dun with a hundred men, and got permission to speak to the King. Three times he told him he had come at the sound of the tocsin, and that M. de Bouille would no doubt come to his aid. The King made no answer, till M. Deslon, annoyed, said,

"Sire, do you not hear me?"

"What do you want with me?" at length said the King. "I have no orders to give you, I am a prisoner."

The only reply that M. Deslon succeeded in obtaining, was,

"Let him do what he can for me."

At seven in the morning two men arrived on horses panting with fatigue, and covered with dust and perspiration, by the road from Clermont. They were M. de Romeuf, La Fayette's aide-de-camp, and Bayon, officer of the national guard. The former was bearer of a decree from the Assembly. Forcing their way through the crowd, they obtained access to the royal family.

"What, sir! is it you?" exclaimed the Queen, on seeing M. de Romeuf. "I could not have believed it."

M. de Romeuf was ashamed, and held down his head. The King saw the decree in his hand, and tore it from him, and then looking at it hastily, said,

"There is no longer a King in France!"

The peasants had all this while continued to crowd into Varennes, armed with guns, pitchforks and scythes. The streets were encumbered by some four or five thousand men, and all were shouting at the top of their voices,—"To Paris! to Paris!"

Everything was indeed now prepared for the departure of the royal family. The post-horses were harnessed to the carriages. Still the King hesitated. He had lingering hopes of M. de Bouille's appearance. At length he got up to go. One of the ladies fainted at the very moment. The Queen would not leave her companion. A "patriot" then seized upon the dauphin, saying,

"You may stay if you like—I shall take the dauphin."

The Queen rushed, indignant, to the rescue. As they descended the staircase, Madame Elizabeth was terrified on perceiving that the Queen's hair had gone partly gray—it was destined to become white at the Conciergerie during a night of still more terrible trials. At last, the carriages were once more off, but this time on their way back to Paris, escorted by a party of national guards, under M. de Signemont, and by some four thousand inhabitants of Varennes and of the neighboring villages.

M. de Bouille had been all this time at Stenay, but scarcely in a position to act. Of all the troops under his command, the regiment known as the "Royal Allemand" was the only one that he could depend upon. The garrisons of Verdun and Metz, and even of Stenay itself were disaffected. A bottle of wine and a louis were given to every man of the "Royal Allemand" regiment, and they started at seven in the morning for Varennes. On the way they met a hussar, who told them that they were compelling the King to return. On hearing this, M. de Bouille put spurs to his horse. His regiment followed. Varennes saw them rush down upon the town like a flood from the vineyards. The King had been gone an hour before. There was no time for hesitation. The bridge was barricaded. The town must be turned, the river forded, and the highway to Clermont reached. And the river was forded, but beyond was a mill-stream, with six feet of water and a high bank! There was no getting past it. It was proposed to try the other ford, and traverse the town. But it would have required them to fight at every step. The horses and the dragoons were also done up. They had come eight leagues in two hours! The garrison of Verdun was reported to be on its way with great guns. There were no means of getting further; all chances were lost! M. de Bouille returned his sword to its scabbard, weeping tears of passion and regret. The King, in the meantime, continued his journey. "He was travelling on the road of the cross!"

"The scaffold," says M. Dumas, "on which Louis XVI. mounted to have his head cut off, had five steps. The first was the capture of the Bastille; the second the 5th and 6th of October. He had just ascended the third—that was the arrest at Varennes. He had still two to mount: the 20th of June and the 16th of August. The 21st of January was only a denouement."

BABY BUNN.

Winsome baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the robin's wing,
Clearer than a woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief they will do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father's stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyces of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet *berry* cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep!
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast!
Never in the coming years,
Though he seek for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorn,
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temples sweat with pain
Drops of blood like purple rain;
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome, little baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Pray, mother, pray!
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right.
Pray, and sometime will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh! the dimpled feet of Bunn!
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh! the dainty hands of Bunn!
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
Those shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

—*Home Journal.* JOSIAH H———.

THE DEATH-BRINGER.

Towards the end of Maria Theresa's reign, when the Empress-Queen had finished her wars, got most of her family married, and established strict etiquette at court, there appeared among the rank and fashion of Vienna, a lady, whose comings and goings were more anxiously watched, and more earnestly talked of, than ever were those of envoy or ambassador. She was neither young nor beautiful, clever nor rich, but a *stift dame* or pensioner of one of those institutions so abundant in Germany, which were founded by the munificence of early magnates for the education and maintenance of the undowered branches of their family-trees. Madame von Enslar, as the lady was called, though yet in single blessedness—for the madame came with the stift—was on the shady side of fifty, of unquestionably noble birth, had been Maid of Honor to the Empress when she was Arch-Duchess, and could still boast of a place in her Majesty's memory; yet no *fraulein*, introduced for the first time to the family of her intended, could have been more amiable. What was still better, everybody believed that Madame von Enslar's amiability was a genuine article. Had her head been detachable, any acquaintance might have borrowed it. Whoever was in difficulties, might count on her help or counsel, and madame was not a bad adviser; but her chosen field of labor, and, it seemed, of delight, too, was the sick-rooms. Beside the night-lamp or in the darkened chamber, madame was at home in anybody's house. Her quiet ways, her unwearied care, and her unquestionable abilities in the manufacture of soups, jellies, and all other comforts for the indisposed, made her a perfect treasure to all who intended to keep their beds for some time; but, strange to say, there were people in Vienna who would rather have seen the most slatternly hospital nurse at their bedsides. The morals of the Austrian capital have never stood high, and superstitious terrors are the natural accompaniments of such society. How it originated, nobody could tell; but a whisper gradually crept into boudoir, drawing-room, and down the back stairs, that wherever madame went to nurse and tend the sick, death was sure to follow her. Examples of the fact might be heard in every circle. Had not the young Countess Valsenburg been a second Hebe for youth and health, till madame went to nurse her in the cold she caught at her Imperial Majesty's Christmas reception? yet the cold turned to a rapid consumption, and the Countess joined her ancestors in the family vault before Easter. Did not the canoness of Stofenhaim look rather too rosy for a lady so nearly connected with prayer and fasting, till she sprained her ankle in the Ash Wednesday procession, and madame came with that inestimable poultice invented by the doctor of her *stift*? Nobody ever saw the canoness looking rosy after that. One turn of sickness followed another, and her funeral went out with the last leaves of the summer. Did not the old Baroness von Hardenbach belong to one of the toughest families in all Austria, till madame began to make embrocations for the rheumatism she had every winter, and her heirs were agreeably surprised by having to provide mourning six weeks after? Similar instances were on record among the poor whom the amiable stift-dame visited. The servants for whom she prescribed and the tradesmen in whose families she took an interest—doctors, lawyers and priests—all believed in this bad luck; but nobody undertook to explain her connection with the King of Terrors. That she had a criminal hand in the business, could not be even imagined. Besides, having no motive for anybody's removal, no legacy to expect, no rival to get rid of, Madame von Enslar was a frank, honest, good natured soul, the very opposite of all who ever dealt in poisons.

Nevertheless, she visited the sick, and the sick died; the whisper was loud in the city, but low in the court. Though Prince Kaunitz, that mighty minister who never permitted the decease of anybody to be mentioned in his hearing, had also forbidden the utterance of her name; though Joseph II. had consulted Mesmer on the subject, it was said without effect, the Empress-Queen would not acknowledge the existence of such tales. Madame had been her Maid of Honor, and her confessor was the lady's distant relation. To believe anything more than her Imperial Majesty would have been a decided infraction of etiquette.—The Viennese world of fashion was therefore obliged to content itself with retailing those startling facts under the seal of secrecy, and keeping its own maladies from coming to madame's ears; but in proportion as the stift-dame was a terror to its brave and fair, when themselves were concerned, so did she become their hope and confidence in the case of old and wealthy relations, troublesome dependents, creditors, obstructors, some said spouses—in short, anybody whom it was desirable to get out of the way.

It is proverbial that those most concerned in a report are generally the last to hear it. Madame von Enslar went on attending masses, making clothes for the poor, and compounding good things for the indisposed, without the slightest idea of the hopes and fears which hung upon her visits. From her youth, which the world now around her regarded as a long-past and primitive time, she had lived in the Stifthouse—an establishment where young ladies were educated, and older ones dwelt in a somewhat conventual fashion, with daily prayers, solemn observance of fast and festival, and great execution done in needlework and cookery. Whether it were the practice of stift-houses in general, of madame's in particular, or the lady's own disposition that obtained such credit, certain it was that she had come to the capital after residing the appointed twenty years under the stift-mother's superintendence, with the neat black dress and gold crucifix of the institution, and no tendency whatever to intrigue, scandal, or curiosity touching her neighbors' affairs. The good woman was congratulating herself on the excellent health with which her friends were blessed, in the third winter of her sojourn at Vienna. None of all her acquaintances would acknowledge that they or theirs were ill, or likely to be so; the poor whom she visited were equally free from complaints; her own and her friends' servants declared themselves in a most satisfactory condition; when a transaction occurred which convinced even the Empress-Queen, and enlightened madame on the mysterious part of her own history.

The Archbishop of Salzburg was one of the richest churchmen in the Empire. He had estates both in Austria and the Tyrol, large deposits in the Imperial Bank, revenues from shrines, bridges and highways; his vineyards produced the best wine; his park contained the finest game, and his country-house was delightfully situated on a rising ground overlooking the Danube, and within two German miles of Vienna. There Ludwig Firstenfield lived in princely splendor and high favor with Maria Theresa. Almost forty years before, when a rival *kaiser* had been crowned at Linz—when her right was assailed by all the princes who had promised to maintain it—when the Holy See stood prudently aloof, to see which side should win, he had gallantly championed her cause in and out of canonicals, canvassed the states of Hungary, given sage counsel in the Imperial closet, and advanced money for carrying on the war. The wisdom which the Archbishop had displayed in those days of uncertainty, made his advice so necessary to the Empress Queen, that he rarely visited his palace in Salzburg, or his castle in Swabia, but resided chiefly at his country-house, within reach of the court, the theatres and the news. His grace received the best company in Vienna; her Majesty and all the Imperial family honored his state balls with their presence; he had the choicest pictures, the rarest china, the most select conservatories, and his mansion was kept in all sorts of propriety by the administration of Madame Segandorf, his widowed niece, and her three grown-up daughters. Madame Segandorf's husband had been a count of the Austrian Netherlands. His estates were lost partly in the war with France, and partly at French hazard. Mother and daughters had consequently no provision becoming their rank, but they were all amiable, accomplished, and devotedly attached to their wealthy uncle.

The spiritual lord of Salzburg was verging on seventy-five, but still a stately figure at the levee, and a dreaded antagonist at the chess-board. As became an archbishop so high in imperial favor, he was believed to be endowed with every virtue. The court-poets spoke of his canonization as an event to be expected; the inferior clergy agreed that his residence in the bowers of Paradise was ready. Nevertheless, Ludwig Firstenfield was in no hurry to leave his choice tokay, his first-rate venison, and his elegant country-house, of which he gave a convincing proof by keeping its doors steadily closed against Madame von Enslar.—The Archbishop did not believe the idle tales that were afloat, any more than his Imperial patroness; after her Majesty's example, he did not even notice them, and greeted the stift-dame, when he met her in society, with almost paternal kindness. Yet, while his hospitalities were extended to rich and poor, home-born and foreign, who had the smallest pretensions to noble blood, madame was never invited within his walls or grounds.

The lady would have been probably content to see herself thus overlooked for life, but it did not tally with another lady's plans. In a moment of amiable weakness, some years before, the Archbishop had permitted his niece to learn that his will was made in favor of herself and her daughters. There were none of them growing younger. The grafts and counts to whom the junior ladies aspired, somehow found out that no dowry could be expected till their uncle's death, and were not in haste to propose. Madame Segandorf, being still a fine woman, had considerable calculations on an old Prince with heavily encumbered estates and a habit of incessant gambling, and while her solicitude regarding the health and welfare of her dear uncle daily increased, she left no stone unturned to get the stift-dame invited to his country-house. Even the efforts of widows are not always crowned with success. The praises of madame's piety, humility, and unbounded reverence for his grace, were sounded without effect. Then madame herself was stirred up to make advances. It was a pity the Archbishop should neglect her so; somebody must have prejudiced his mind against her; there were always ill-natured people in the world; perhaps they had led him to believe that she was careless of his good opinion and great interest at court. It might be well to get in his way at times, talk of his most celebrated pictures, and hint a strong desire to see them. These stratagems, and many more, were tried, but all in vain. His grace would take no hints, and hear no insinuations. Poor madame, constantly reminded of the fact, began to think it the black cloud of her life that she was shut out from his country-house; complained of it to all her acquaintances, grieved over it in secret, and was thinking of offerings to the most benevolent saints on the subject, when by chance she hit on a more direct expedient.

Passing through the Jews' quarter in one of her missions of charity, she saw hanging in the shop of a noted dealer in second-hand garments a magnificent morning-gown of crimson damask, flowered with gold. Being a woman, the stift-dame was taken captive by its grandeur. Moreover, it looked perfectly new. The Archbishop had a special liking for splendid attire: and if, as Solomon told her, a gift made room for a man, such a present would certainly secure a lady place at his board and in his ball-room. The Jew's price was low compared with the actual value of the robe; it had come into his hands by some chance of trade, and did not suit his customers. Yet decidedly cheap as it was, the cost would leave madame nothing to offer that Christmas at the shrine of Our Lady, who happened to be the patron-saint of her stift. However, the Archbishop's good graces were in prospect. Madame went strait home for all her savings, paid for the magnificent morning-gown, saw it safely packed up, and felt herself an already invited guest, when it was deposited, box and all, in a private cupboard, to be seen by nobody till it was despatched to the country-house, as a Christmas gift for his Grace of Salzburg.

Christmas was the Archbishop's birthday, which returned for the seventy-fifth time that year, and he determined to celebrate it with more than usual festivity. The uttermost branches of his family were invited months before, and gladly obeyed the summons of their rich and reverend relative. They came from the hills of Bohemia, and the plains of Lombardy; from the frontiers of France, and the borders of Russia; for the house of Firstenfield was numerously represented; and wherever the Hapsburg sceptre ruled, there were its boughs to be found flourishing in the law, in the church, or in the army. Gifts came in as well as friends—when did a rich man's birthday lack presents?—but among them there was nothing so splendid, nothing so much to the Archbishop's taste, as the magnificent morning-gown, sent just as it came from the Jew's shop, by the hand of a trusty messenger, with a note which it had cost the stift-dame two sleepless nights to compose. His grace was delighted, and all his assembled relations envied the lucky sender, except Madame Segandorf, who returned to her praises with fresh vigor, hinted that she feared the poor lady had but a lonely Christmas; everybody had not a dear, kind uncle like her and her girls. The Archbishop took no notice of these grateful remarks, but as the present had arrived on the eve of the festival, he did madame the honor of wearing it at his birthday levee.

Everybody admired the morning-gown. The sports of the day, the morning mass, and the evening banquet, all went off well. The Bishop's health was drunk in old Austrian fashion—good wishes, predictions, and prayers for length of days and increase of dignity, even to the Cardinal's hat, were made on his behalf; but before the rejoicings were fairly over, it was observed that his grace did not look quite well. Next morning, he was decidedly indisposed; his anxious relations, not knowing the state of his will, remained in the house to see what turn the illness would take; but first, Madame Segandorf sickened also; then her daughters, one after another; then the cousins, cousins-in-law, noble ladies, and high officials who had assembled round the Bishop's festive board, began to complain, and retire to their chambers. Half the physicians of repute in Vienna were in full action at the country-house. At first, they thought something might have gone wrong at the banquet, and a strict search after poison was commenced; but in a short time it became evident that the disease was small-pox. The dread and devastation which attended that malady over all Europe in the eighteenth century, are matters of history. It was the desolator of palace and cottage, and the plague of preceding ages had no such terrors for men. In the Bishop's country-house, its visitation came with a malignity never equalled. All who sickened, died; all who fled were seized on their homeward ways. The prelate himself survived the widow and her daughters, who had been in such haste for his testament, only a few days; and before the new year was a month old, the numerous house of Firstenfield was so diminished, that its large possessions fell to three poor priests and an old doctor of laws, who, by common consent, built a monastery for the brothers of Lazarus on the site of the elegant country-house.

The court and the public woke up as they seldom wake in Austria. A strict investigation regarding the stift-dame's present was set on foot, and by the perseverance of the police it was discovered to have formed part of the wardrobe of Louis XV., and been worn for the first time in the attack of small-pox which finished his reign. As usual in those times, everything worn by his departed majesty on that occasion was supposed to have been burned; but the magnificent morning-gown tempted a covetous valet; he saved it from the fire; sold it to a travelling Jew, under a stipulation never to show it on French ground; thus it had found its way to Vienna, and been purchased by the unlucky Madame von Enslar. The sifting of the transaction not only confirmed the public belief in her connection with the last enemy, but induced the Empress-Queen to command her immediate retirement to her stift-house, which she never again quitted; and it is said to have given currency to a popular superstition, which still prevails in Upper Austria, where every out-of-the way village has some tale regarding the unconscious powers of some old man or woman known as the Death-bringer.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER VI.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street-corner not far from Soho Square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday, when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, and carried it, as to the public interest and memory, far out to sea, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell, where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor.—After several relapses into business-absorption, Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend, and the quiet street-corner was the sunny part of his life.

On this certain fine Sunday, Mr. Lorry walked towards Soho, early in the afternoon, for three reasons of habit. Firstly, because, on fine Sundays, he often walked out, before dinner, with the Doctor and Lucie; secondly, because, on unfavorable Sundays, he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of the window, and generally getting through the day; thirdly, because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the Doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived, was not to be found in London.—There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then north of the Oxford Road, and forest trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom, instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was many a good south wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season.

The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day; but, when the streets grew hot, the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow so remote but that you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbor from the raging streets.

There ought to have been a tranquil bark in such an anchorage, and there was. The Doctor occupied two floors of a large still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whereof little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them at night. In a building at the back, attainable by a court-yard where a plane-tree rustled its green leaves, church-organs claimed to be made, and silver to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall—as if he had beaten himself precious, and menaced a similar conversion of all visitors. Very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumored

to live up-stairs, or of a dim cossh-trimming maker asserted to have a counting house below, was ever heard or seen. Occasionally, a stray workman putting his coat on, traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard across the court-yard, or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane-tree behind the house, and the echoes in the corner before it, had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation, and its revival in the floating whispers of his story, brought him.—His scientific knowledge, and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments, brought him otherwise into moderate request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, thoughts and notice, when he rang the door-bell of the tranquil house in the corner on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home, but of a certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross, as to admission or denial of the fact.

"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I'll go up stairs."

Although the Doctor's daughter had known nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of everything in the rooms, from the largest object to the least; the arrangement of colors, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by thrift in trifles, by delicate hands, clear eyes, and good sense; were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their originator, that, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him, with something of that peculiar expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved?

There were three rooms on a floor, and, the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass freely through them all, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant of that fanciful resemblance which he detected all around him, walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and work-table, and box of water-colors; the second was the Doctor's consulting-room, used also as the dining-room; the third, changingly speckled by the rustle of the plane-tree in the yard, was the Doctor's bedroom—and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine-shop, in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him!"

"And why wonder at that?" was the abrupt inquiry that made him start.

It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought—" Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh! You'd have thought!" said Miss Pross; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"How do you do?" inquired that lady then—sharply, and yet as if to express that she bore him no malice.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness, "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed?"

"Ah! indeed!" said Miss Pross. "I am very much put out about my Ladybird."

"Indeed?"

"For gracious sake say something else besides 'indeed,' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross: whose character (dissociated from stature) was shortness.

"Really, then?" said Mr. Lorry as an amendment.

"Really is bad enough," returned Miss Pross, "but better. Yes, I am very much put out."

"May I ask the cause?"

"I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of Ladybird, to come here looking after her," said Miss Pross.

"*Do* dozens come for that purpose?"

"Hundreds," said Miss Pross.

It was characteristic of this lady (as of some other people before her time and since) that whenever her original proposition was questioned, she exaggerated it.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.

"I have lived with the darling—or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it; which she certainly should never have done, you may take your affidavit, if I could have afforded to keep either myself or her for nothing—since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard," said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head; using that important part of himself as a sort of fairy cloak that would fit anything.

"All sorts of people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet, are always turning up," said Miss Pross. "When you began it—"

"*I* began it, Miss Pross!"

"Didn't you, who brought her father to life?"

"Oh! *If that* was beginning it—" said Mr. Lorry.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose? I say, when you began it, it was hard enough; not that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that anybody should be, under any circumstances.—But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him), to take Ladybird's affections away from me."

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves, willing slaves, to youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart; so rendered and so free from any mercenary taint, he had such an exalted respect for it, that, in the retributive arrangements made by his own mind—we all make such arrangements, more or less—he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by nature and Art, who had balances at Tellson's.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," said Miss Pross; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history, had established the fact that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of everything she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty for evermore, with no touch of compunction. Miss Pross's fidelity of belief in Solomon (deducting a mere trifle for this slight mistake) was quite a serious matter with Mr. Lorry, and had its weight in his good opinion of her.

"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, when they had got back to the drawing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time, yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine—" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him up with:

"Never imagine anything. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected; do you suppose—you go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose," Mr. Lorry went on, with a laughing twinkle in his bright eye, as it looked kindly at her, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps, even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose anything about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And that is—?"

"That she thinks he has."

"Now don't be angry at my asking all these questions; because I am a mere dull man of business, and you are a woman of business."

"Dull?" Miss Pross inquired, with placidity.

Rather wishing his modest adjective away, Mr. Lorry replied,

"No, no, no. Surely not. To return to business:—Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette, unquestionably innocent of any crime as we are well assured he is, should never touch upon that question? I will not say with me, though he has business relations with me many years ago, and we are now intimate; I will say with the fair daughter to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who is so devotedly attached to him? Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you, out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest."

"Well! To the best of my understanding, and bad's the best you'll tell me," said Miss Pross, softened by the tone of the apology, "he is afraid of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for.

"True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet, a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him. Indeed, it is this doubt and the uneasiness it sometimes causes me that has led me to our present confidence."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Pross, shaking her head. "Touch that string, and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometime he gets up in the dead of the night, and will be heard, by us overhead there, walking up and down, walking up and down, in his room. Ladybird has learnt to know then, that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She hurries to him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. But he never says a word of the true reason of his restlessness, to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and down together, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself."

Notwithstanding Miss Pross's denial of her own imagination, there was a perception of the pain of being monotonously haunted by one sad idea, in her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, which testified to her possessing such a thing.

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so resoundingly to the tread of coming feet, that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

"Here they are!" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; "and now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

It was such a curious corner in its acoustical properties, such a peculiar Ear of a place, that as Mr. Lorry stood at the open window, looking for the father and daughter whose steps he heard, he fancied they would never approach. Not only would the echoes die away, as though the steps had gone; but, echoes of other steps that never came, would be heard in their stead, and would die away for good when they seemed close at hand. However, father and daughter did at last appear, and Miss Pross was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came up stairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her, and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoilt Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Pross had, and would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted him in his declining years to a Home. But, no Hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfilment of Miss Pross's prediction.

Dinner time, and still no hundreds of people. In the arrangements of the little household, Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always acquitted herself marvellously.—Her dinners, of a very modest quality, were so well cooked and so well served, and so neat in their contrivances, half English and half French, that nothing could be better. Miss Pross's friendship being of the thoroughly practical kind, she had ravaged Soho and the adjacent provinces, in search of impoverished French, who, tempted by shillings and half-crowns, would impart culinary mysteries to her. From these decayed sons and daughters of Gaul, she had acquired such wonderful arts, that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a Sorceress, or Cinderella's Godmother: who would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, a vegetable or two from the garden, and change them into anything she pleased.

On Sundays Miss Pross dined at the Doctor's table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals, at unknown periods, either in the lower regions, or in her own room on the second floor—a blue chamber, to which no one but her Ladybird ever gained admittance. On this occasion Miss Pross, responding to Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant, too.

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air. As everything turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry. She had installed herself, some time before, as Mr. Lorry's cup-bearer; and while they sat under the plane-tree, talking, she kept his glass replenished. Mysterious backs and ends of houses peeped at them as they talked, and the plane tree whispered to them in its own way above their heads.

Still, the Hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane tree, but he was only One.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But, Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house. She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it, in familiar conversation, "a fit of the jerks."

The Doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong at such times, and, as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair, it was very agreeable to trace the likeness.

He had been talking, all day, on many subjects, and with unusual vivacity.

"Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree—and he said it in the natural pursuit of the topic in hand, which happened to be the old buildings of London—"have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there; but only casually. We have seen enough of it, to know that it teems with interest; little more."

"*I* have been there, as you remember," said Darnay, with a smile, though reddening a little angrily, "in another character, and not in a character that gives facilities for seeing much of it. They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" Lucie asked.

"In making some alterations, the workmen came upon an old dungeon, which had been for many years built up and forgotten. Every stone of its inner wall was covered with inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners—dates, names, complaints, and prayers. Upon a corner stone in an angle of the wall, one prisoner who seemed to have gone to execution, had cut, as his last work, three letters. They were done with some very poor instrument, and hurriedly, with an unsteady hand. At first, they were read as D. I. C.; but, on being more carefully examined, the last letter was found to be G. There was no record or legend of any prisoner with those initials, and many fruitless guesses were made what the name could have been. At length it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word, Dig. The floor was examined very carefully under the inscription, and, in the earth beneath a stone, or tile, or some fragment of paving, were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case or bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something, and hidden it away to keep it from the gaoler."

"My father!" exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in."

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling in large drops, and he showed the back of his hand with rain-drops on it. But he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of, and, as they went into the house, the business eye of Mr. Lorry either detected, or fancied it detected, on his face, as it turned towards Charles Darnay, the same singular look that had been upon it when it turned towards him in the passages of the Court House.

He recovered himself so quickly, however, that Mr. Lorry had doubts of his business eye. The arm of the golden giant in the hall was not more steady than he was, when he stopped under it to remark to them that he was not yet proof against slight surprises (if he ever would be,) and that the rain had startled him.

Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of jerks upon her, and yet no Hundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only Two.

The night was very sultry, that although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea-table was done with, they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father; Darnay sat beside her; Carton leaned against a window. The curtains were long and white, and some of the thunder-gusts that whirled into the corner, caught them up to the ceiling, and waved them like spectral wings.

"The rain-drops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do; as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for Lightning, always do.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke; the wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes, I have sat here of an evening, until I have fancied—but even the shade of a foolish fancy makes me shudder to-night, when all is so black and solemn—"

"Let us shudder too. We may know what it is?"

"It will seem nothing to you. Such whims are only impressive as we originate them, I think; they are not to be communicated. I have sometimes sat alone here of an evening, listening, until I have made the echoes out to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by-and-by into our lives."

"There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so," Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid. The corner echoed and re-echoed with the tread of feet; some, as it seemed, under the windows; some, as it seemed, in the room; some coming, some going, some breaking off, some stopping altogether; all in the distant streets, and not one within sight.

"Are all these footsteps destined to come to all of us, Miss Manette, or are we to divide them among us?"

"I don't know, Mr. Darnay; I told you it was a foolish fancy, but you asked for it. When I have yielded myself to it, I have been alone, and then I have imagined them the footsteps of the people who are to come into my life, and my father's."

"I take them into mine!" said Carton; "*I* ask no questions and make no stipulations. There is a great crowd bearing down upon us, Miss Manette, and I see them!—by the Lightning." He added the last words, after there had been a vivid flash which had shown him lounging in the window.

"And I hear them!" he added again, after a peal of thunder. "Here they come, fast, fierce, and furious!"

It was the rush and roar of rain that he typified, and it stopped him, for no voice could be heard in it. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's was striking One in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, high-booted and bearing a lantern, set forth on his return-passage to Clerkenwell. There were solitary patches of road on the way between Soho and Clerkenwell, and Mr. Lorry, mindful of footpads, always retained Jerry for this service; though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier.

"What a night it has been! Almost a night, Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "to bring the dead out of their graves."

"I never see the night myself, master—nor yet I don't expect to it—what would do that," answered Jerry.

"Good-night, Mr. Carton," said the man of business. "Good-night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together!"

Perhaps. Perhaps, see the great crowd of people with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GENTLEMAN of Newburyport, Mass., has something like one hundred toads, which he keeps in his garden to destroy insects. He has a house built for them, keeping them as he would chickens, and they are so tame that they will come at his call.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Post writes thus: "In your 'notice' of Mrs. Cora Hatch and her inspired (!) sermon on Persia, you regret that she did not study some reliable author, and thus prepare herself for her part. In this you do not do her justice, as one of her emissaries, who did not at all look like a spirit, has been a constant visitor for some days at the Astor Library, where he might have been seen taking notes from the article on Persia in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a French translation of the Zendavesta."

THE LATEST FROM EUROPE.

RETREAT OF THE AUSTRIANS.

PAVIA, PIACENZA, LODI, BOLOGNA, AND ANCONA EVACUATED—FORTIFICATIONS AT PIACENZA BLOWN UP—THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY—LORD PALMERSTON PREMIER.

SANDY HOOK, June 26.—The steamship Bremen, from Bremen, passed here this evening, with dates to Wednesday, the 15th inst.

The British Ministry has resigned in consequence of the want of confidence resolution in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston is the new Premier, and Lord John Russell the Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war is that the Austrians have evacuated Piacenza, Pavia, Lodi, Bologna, and Ancona. The citadel and fortifications at Piacenza were first blown up.

The death of Metternich is announced.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Granville was first summoned by the Queen, but could not form a ministry. It seems that the Derby Cabinet assembled on Saturday, the 11th, and determined to place their resignation in the hands of the Queen, which was done; and a formal announcement of the fact was made by the Earl of Derby at the banquet of the Merchant Tailors' Company, at which several of the ministers were present.

Lord Granville, after an audience with the Queen, waited on Lord Palmerston, who consented to waive his claims and serve under Lord Granville. In his interview with Lord John Russell, Lord Granville found him disposed to insist on conditions which made the union with Lord Palmerston impossible, whether the government was presided over by Lord Granville or any other. The Queen being satisfied that Lord Granville would be the only obstacle to the union of Lords Palmerston and Russell, sent for Lord Palmerston, who had an interview of an hour, after which he straightway sought one with Lord John Russell, who agreed to serve under him, but not under any other person.

The London Times says that Lord John Russell is the ardent friend of Italy. Both he and Lord Palmerston desire Austria to admit her defeat, her ascertained inferiority, and the incurable disadvantages of her position south of the Alps, and both are of opinion that she will consult her own greatness by relinquishing territory which costs the support of a great army, and still greater odium.

Both see in France a better agent for the reorganization of Italy, and for the creation of that Federal Union, which is all the unity possible under existing circumstances. Were the question to be confined to the present state of affairs, the policy to be pursued might be stated in a sentence. Austria is flying homewards—France and Sardinia are pursuing her across the Adda. Venice is about to be attacked immediately on the east, and on the south the whole peninsula is raising against her and expelling her allies and garrisons. The only advice to be given is, that Austria should accommodate herself to these painful circumstances, just as England admitted the independence of the United States, and France has twice submitted the dictation of invaders. There can be no glory gained by stubborn and even victorious resistance to the just claims of a great nation, and it is unwise to wage a war, where even military success incurs moral opprobrium. No doubt this and similar considerations will be in due time urged upon Austria by the two ministers, who have undertaken to divide the responsibility of our foreign relations.

There is no doubt entertained that the convention between Russia and the Rothschilds will result in their being contractors for any future loan Russia may desire to raise in London.

A Blue Book has been published, containing all the English correspondence on Italian affairs. The latest note assigns to Austria the last responsibility for the miseries and calamities inevitably consequent on a conflict, which was on the eve of being averted.

The London Daily News of the 14th, says that it is believed that Lord Elgin has been offered the Secretaryship of the Colonies; Mr. Cobden will have the option of the Board of Trade, and Milner Gibson will also enter the Cabinet. Sidney Herbert will probably be Minister of War; Sir G. C. Lewis President of the India Board, and Mr. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir R. Bethell is also spoken of for the latter office. Sir James Graham, the Duke of Newcastle, and the Duke of Argyle have declined to join the new Administration.

A submarine telegraph is to be laid from Weybourne to Denmark.

THE WAR.—It is rumored that the Emperor Napoleon will soon return to France, leaving Marshal Pelissier as commander-in-chief.

In evacuating Piacenza, the Austrians left behind their provisions, ammunition and cannon.

The Austrians quitted Bologna on the 11th for Modena.

The French troops passed the River Adda without striking a blow.

General Garibaldi had occupied Bergamo, and repulsed an Austrian force, fifteen hundred strong, who were marching against him from Brescia.

Vienna, May 12.—An official bulletin states that General Benedek again attacked Melegano on the 9th, resulting in a loss of two or three hundred.

The total Austrian loss at Palestro, May 31st, was fifteen officers, five hundred and fifteen men killed, among whom one General; and twenty-three officers; and 878 wounded; six officers and 794 men missing.

Garibaldi's corps threatens the southern Tyrol from Val Canonica and Bagaline.

It was reported yesterday that the French fleet in the Adriatic had received powerful reinforcements, and it was expected that the landing of troops would soon be attempted on the coast between Venice and Trieste. It was not generally known where General Gyulai's headquarters were, but they were probably at Mantua.

Paris, June 12.—The Austrians have blown up the citadel and evacuated Lodi.

The Moniteur denies the statement that the Papal Nuncio officiated at Vienna during the religious ceremony, calling down the protection of Heaven on the Austrian army.

The Austrians have been reinforced at the village of Brescell, in Modena.

After the Austrians crossed the Adda they destroyed the bridge, and subsequently evacuated Pavia.

VIENNA, June 11.—The Duchess of Parma arrived yesterday from Verona. The Parmesan troops have gone to Modena at their own inclination, and with the consent of the Duke of Modena.

ROME, June 9.—A grand demonstration was made at Rome, on Monday. "Long live the French Government!" was shouted before the residence of the French Ambassador, the Casino and the residence of the Commandant. Tuesday.—A grand illumination has been had.

PARIS, June 12.—The following is a summary of the proclamation of the Emperor at Milan to the Italians:

The Emperor protests that he has not made war in order to increase the territory of France. He desires to render one of the most beautiful parts of Europe free. He says: My army will place no obstacle to the free manifestations of the legitimate wishes of Italians. Universal suffrage has given freedom to France—why should it not to Italy?

The Emperor has proclaimed that he is not in Italy with a preconceived system to dispossess the sovereigns, and impose on the Italians his own will.

The Austrians have evacuated all the States of the Church, including Ferrara.

The Austrian correspondence says that the Austrians at Melegnano yielded only to a decidedly superior force, and retired unpursued, and in perfect order.

The Emperor of Austria, it is said, takes command of his troops in person, acting on the defensive.

The Austrian headquarters are now probably at Mantua.

Five thousand prisoners had arrived at Marseilles and Toulon.

The allied troops had enterd Piacenza, invited by the municipality.

The Austrians had been reinforced at Brescillo, a village in Modena.

A popular demonstration had taken place at Bologna in favor of the popular cause.

The French proclamation issued at Milan to the people of Lombardy, has had a favorable effect.

The London Times' city article of the 14th, says that the belief that the new Ministry will inspire respect abroad, and, without pretending to establish confidential relations with Napoleon, will conduct its intercourse with France in a consistent and dignified manner, has given increased strength to the funds.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL, June 13.—Sales of Cotton to-day 6,000 bales, including 1,000 bales to speculators. The market closed dull, but steady, prices slightly favoring buyers. Breadstuffs dull, and sales unimportant; quotations nominal.

The weather has been favorable for the crops.

Provisions and produce steady.

LONDON, June 13.—Consols 93¼@93¾.

LONDON MARKETS, June 13.—English Wheat is 2s. and foreign Wheat 2s lower. Flour dull. American is quoted at 26s@38s.

ONE DAY LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the Nova Scotian, below Quebec, on the 27th ultimo, we have one day later news from Europe.

The Austrians continue in full retreat, and have evacuated Modena. The Emperor Francis Joseph is to assume the chief command of his army, and has issued an order for his army to take up a new position. The Prussian army is to be mobilized forthwith. Heavy reinforcements have left France for the allied army. Garibaldi's deeds of valor have been formally recognized by the King of Sardinia with a gold medal. Napoleon's head-quarters are at Gorgonzola. Some infer that Prussia means war by mobilizing her army.

Cotton is unaltered—Flour and Wheat have declined 3 to 4d. Provisions steady.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The vote against the present Derby Ministry in England, was as follows:

For the amendment (expressing a want of confidence in the Ministry)	323
Against it,	310
Majority against Government,	13

Mr. Gladstone, and Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay voted with the Government. Only 16 members out of the 654 were absent.

The battle of Melagano, which was fought after that of Magenta, was between General Urban and General d'Hilliers, in which the latter routed the former. The Verona (Austrian) despatches say Urban has successfully effected a retreat with his troops by Cassano.

An Austrian account says:—

"The enemy, in greatly superior force, appears to be advancing from Milan, and the Austrian army has, therefore, passed the Adda in good order, and is nearing the reinforcements in reserve. The courage of our troops is unbroken, and they are longing for a decisive battle."

In the Chamber at Dresden, the Foreign Minister of Saxony had declared in favor of war against Louis Napoleon, and the Deputies, by a majority, expressed the same view.

The fact is noticed that the Princess Frederick William, of Prussia, went home from England without her husband coming to escort her, as was expected. "Reasons of State," it is said, prevented him from paying that attention to his bride or his mother-in-law.

When the French arrived at San Martino, they met with a priest at the bridge of Buffalora, and asked him if there were any Austrians in the town. He said "No." They had hardly advanced 100 yards before a fire was opened upon them, which killed many, and I think Gen. Clerc fell there. The Gendarmes immediately rode back and took the priest before he had time to escape, and he was killed on the spot by one of them. He had four hundred Austrians concealed in his own house.

The priest of Magenta gave the same answer when asked. There were at that moment four thousand Austrians in a convent. He was taken, and sent into Turin, tied hand and foot.

THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION.—The correspondent of the *London Times*, with the allied armies, writing from Novara on the 3d inst., the scene of the Austrian occupation, says:—

"Coming to the spot at the moment when the recollection of the Austrian occupation is still fresh in the memory of the people, and before there is any time for exerting lively imaginations, there is a very good opportunity for testing the truth of the widely different accounts which you have read in the newspapers. Before I even say a word you will guess that, as usual, the truth lies between the two extremes; neither are the Austrians quite so black as some like to paint them, nor are they quite such angels as they wish to make themselves out.

"An occupation is an occupation, after all, take it as you like. Even that of a friendly army brings considerable inconvenience, and not seldom burdens and sacrifices with it; how much more that of a hostile army!

"So far as one can make out, the Austrians individually did not behave brutally; on the contrary, it is said that during their advance they displayed a certain amenity. It was only when they took the wrong road to Turin, where some, as you know, had already had their letters addressed to them, that they became "cross," and were rather ready with their fists and the flats of their swords. Of cases of violation, at least, in this part of the country, I have heard nothing; nor does the popular voice accuse them of violating the seventh, or, as it is in this Catholic country, the sixth commandment. I have not heard a well authenticated case of an officer forgetting to pay for what he took. The soldiers did now and then take a fancy to one thing or another, but they were always kept together, or encamped, and not quartered on the towns, so that only very few opportunities occurred for their indulging in such fancies. In these parts you would scarcely perceive that the country has been under foreign occupation; all outward traces of it consist in now and then a bridge broken down, the road cut, or the cornfields trodden down at the edge near the road, the remains of a bivouac, with the huts made of branches, or an earthwork thrown up. All the people with whom I spoke here agree in representing the Austrians as very low spirited, which is by no means improbable after a retreat, even if it is from strategical motives."

On the same subject "A British Officer," writing from Milan, says:

"Having just returned from a visit to the Piedmontese territory, now occupied by the Austrian troops, I consider it only a justice due to them to state the following few facts as an eye-witness:

"1. The inhabitants of that portion of the country are as happy as it is possible for people to be at the seat of war.

"2. The crops and trees are untouched everywhere, and the peasants are occupied tilling the soil as in the time of peace.

"3. The shops in the towns and villages are open, and both officers and men pay strictly for every article they take.

"The conduct of the troops is exemplary, and in two campaigns in which I have served I never saw men behave better."

IS LOUIS NAPOLEON'S WORD OR OATH TO BE TRUSTED?—On the 27th of September, 1848, Louis Napoleon took his seat in the French National Assembly. He then and there *read* the following words:—"May the generous citizens who have by their votes placed me in this Assembly be convinced that I regard tranquillity as the first and most urgent necessity of this country, and that I advocate Democratic institutions, which I regard as the first want of the people." His next public action was to publish a letter explaining his reasons for protesting against the expedition to Civita Vecchia, which he characterized as "A dangerous military demonstration—dangerous for the sacred interests which it is intended to protect, and likely to compromise the peace of Europe." In his address to the French people when he became the candidate for the Presidentship, he used these words: I am not an ambitious man, who dreams of the Empire and war. * * * Brought up in free countries, I shall ever remain faithful to the duties which your suffrages and the National Assembly impose upon me. If I am named President * * * * I shall devote myself to strengthen the Republic; my honor is pledged that at the end of four years I leave it to my successor with its power strengthened, and with liberty intact." And then he went on to pledge himself "To diminish within proper limits the number of public situations which depend upon the Executive, which often change a free people into a nation of beggars—to avoid the fatal error which prompts a State to undertake works which are better done by private enterprise, because centralization leads to despotism"—and, lastly, to preserve the liberty of the press, and peace. He was elected, and took this oath: "I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one and undivided;" and in his speech he added: "My desire is to re-establish "unity, and to maintain our Democratic institutions."

It is quite needless to repeat how all these oaths and promises have been kept. But when the question is whether we are to believe the present promises and declarations of the Emperor, the answer is, that we shall do wisely to judge the future by the past. His whole life has hitherto been a constant series of broken oaths and violated promises. After his attempt at Strasbourg, he promised fidelity to Louis Philippe, and his loyalty was displayed at Boulogne.—He promised loyalty to the French Republic and to the National Assembly, and kept his word on the 2nd December. He promised and vowed three things—to be faithful to democracy, to diminish Government officials, and to retain the liberty of the press. If he has kept these promises, it is very likely that he will be faithful to his present pledges against dynastic ambition in Italy; and from the way in which he has kept his engagements with France, we may anticipate what his loyalty to England is likely to mean. He is now at Milan, and has already an opportunity of turning his professions into practice. It is none too early to allow Italy to commence the task and duty of self-government. A little time will show whether French satraps and proconsuls are the order of the day, or whether native patriotism is to be encouraged. Italian regeneration ought to commence from the occupation of Milan. We shall see.—*London Literary Review.*

HON. S. A. DOUGLAS' POSITION ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PRESIDENCY—LETTER FROM MR. DOUGLAS TO J. B. DORR, ESQ., OF IOWA.—WASHINGTON, June 23.—The friends of Judge Douglas, in this city, are in possession of the following letter, explaining his position on the subject of the Presidency, and of which they have permitted a copy to be taken for publication:

"WASHINGTON, June 22, 1859.—My Dear Sir—I have received your letter, inquiring whether my friends are at liberty to present my name to the Charleston Convention for the Presidential nomination.

"Before this question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues the canvas is to be conducted. If (as I have full faith they will) the Democratic party shall determine, in the Presidential election of 1860, to adhere to the principles embodied in the Compromise Measures of 1850, and ratified by the people in the Presidential election of 1852, and reaffirmed in the Kansas Nebraska Act of 1854, and incorporated into the Cincinnati Platform of 1856, as expounded by Mr. Buchanan in his letter accepting the nomination and approved by the people in his election, in that event my friends will be at liberty to present my name to the Convention, if they see proper to do so.

"If on the contrary, it shall become the policy of the Democratic party (which I cannot anticipate,) to repudiate these time-honored principles, on which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs, and, in lieu of them, the Convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African slave trade, or a Congressional slave-code for the Territories, or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits slavery in the Territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property, it is due to candor to say, that in such an event, I could not accept the nomination if tendered to me.

"Trusting that this answer will be deemed sufficiently explicit, I am, very respectfully, your friend. (Signed,) S. A. DOUGLAS.

"To J. B. Dorr, Esq., Dubuque, Iowa."

M. KOSSUTH AND THE WAR.—M. Kossuth, with reference to whose movements there has of late been much speculation, has addressed the following "warning" to his fellow-countrymen in the United States. It seems to have been written immediately prior to his departure from London for Genoa:

"TO THE HUNGARIAN EXILES RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES:—At the time of the late Crimean War, several of my exiled fellow-countrymen brought great misery upon themselves by throwing up their situations, and leaving the United States for Europe, without having taken care to ascertain whether or not circumstances warranted the step.

"I fear the present state of European affairs, together with partly vague, partly exaggerated, partly unfounded reports, may have a similar effect.

"I consider it, therefore, to be my duty to warn my exiled fellow-countrymen in America, that *it is not yet time for them to move.*

"Grave considerations forbid my entering on premature explanations. Suffice it to say, that though the sky is brightening promisingly, we have yet great difficulties to overcome.

"Due care is taken, not only of the interests of our country, but also especially of their personal interests.

"They shall be apprised in due time. But the time has not yet come. Let them patiently, let them confidently wait. Any inconsiderate rashness might bring personal ruin on them, without the slightest advantage to the public cause. KOSSUTH.

"LONDON, England, June 9, 1859."

MEXICO.—The ruins of a city were recently discovered near Huatuleco. It covered four miles, and possessed stone fortifications and bastions extending to the sea. Numerous curious and rich antiquities were found, including vases, of silver, etc.

ADVICES from Oregon, to the 26th ult., are furnished. Gov. Whittaker had delivered his first message, in which he speaks of the general prosperity of the State.

HARVEST IN VIRGINIA.—The farmers of lower Virginia are now engaged in cutting their wheat. In some localities it has been injured by fly, rust, joint-worm, weevil, &c., but generally the crop is regarded as a good one.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 173—Adults 73, and children 100.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been but little change in the Flour market this week. The sales comprise 4500 bbls Pennsylvania and Western, at $6,62@6,75 ₱ bbl for common and good superfine, and $7,25 for extra, including 500 bbls Brandywine, at $7, and 2500 bbls Extra Family on private terms. The sales to the trade have been within the range of these figures, and from $7,50 to $8,50 for Extra Family and Fancy, as in quality. Rye Flour comes forward slowly, and the stock is light, but there is little or no demand. Small sales at $4,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal has been exceedingly quiet, but with light receipts and stocks, holders have been enabled to maintain last week's quotations. Sales of 100 bbls Pennsylvania at $4. In Brandywine no transactions have been reported. Holders ask $4,37½@4,50.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat since our last notice, the receipts being small. Prices have declined 3@5c ₱ bus. Sales of 12,000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania in lots at $1,55 ₱ bus for inferior up to $1,75 for prime Red, and $1,65@1,85 for White. At the close the highest quotations could not be realized. Rye has been coming forward more freely, and prices have declined. Sales of 3000 bus Pennsylvania at 93@90c ₱ bus—closing at the latter figure. Corn—The receipts of Corn since our last notice have been quite liberal from the South, but by railroad they have been small. The demand, however, has been quite limited, and prices have again declined 3@4c. Sales of 30,000 bus Yellow, at 87@85c early in the week, and since at 83c. Buckwheat—There has been an active business done in this article during the past week. The sales comprise 6000 bus. Prices are completely unsettled, varying from 90c to $1,25—but closing at 90c. Oats have been dull, and have again declined 4c ₱ bus. 5000 Pennsylvania sold early in the week at 49@50c; 2000 do at 46c; and 3000 bus Maryland and Delaware at 46@47c.

PROVISIONS—The trade generally has been exceedingly quiet since our last notice, but supplies come forward slowly, and the receipts being moderate, prices have undergone but little change. The stock of Pork is light. Small sales of Western Mess at $18, and Prime at $16, on time. City packed Mess Beef ranges from $16 to $20. There is no demand except for ship's stores. Bacon has been exceedingly quiet, but prices, if anything, are rather firmer at the close. Sales of 500 casks, in lots at 10@12c for Hams, including 100 casks at our highest quotations; 9½@10c for Sides, now held at 10c, and 7½@7¾c ₱ lb, 60 days, for Shoulders. In Green Salted Meats the transactions have been light. Sales of 180 casks, including Hams in pickle at 10c; in dry salt at 8½c, and 150 casks Shoulders at 7@7½c, 60 days. Lard has been but little inquired for, but the receipts and stocks are small, and prices steady.—Sales of tes and bbls at 12c, and 500 kegs at 13@13½c, short time. Butter continues very dull, and of inferior the market is overstocked. Old and new Solid Packed sells at 9@11c ₱ lb, as in quality. Roll commands 10@12c. Cheese ranges from 9½ to 10c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 16@17c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There has been a good feeling in the market under the favorable accounts from abroad, and the improvement noted at the close of last week has been well maintained. Sales of 800 bales, chiefly Upland, at 10½@12½, cash—the latter rate for middling fair quality, including 50 bales stained at 10c.

BARK—Supplies of Quercitron Bark, since our last notice, have been small, but the demand has been only moderate and prices are 50c lower. Sales of 200 hhds No 1, fine ground, at $28@27,50 ₱ ton—closing at the latter figure. Tanner's Bark is in good supply. Sales of Chestnut Oak at $10, which is a decline, and Spanish at $13,50@14 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is scarce. Good Yellow sells in lots at 37@38c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—There has been rather more activity in the market, the demand having increased from the Eastward. Cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,15@3,25, and Red Ash at $3,25@3,35 ₱ ton, free on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is rather firmer, under more encouraging advices [illegible] Rio, but the stock is liberal and prices remain without change, the demand being limited. At auction 2332 bags Rio were offered, and 1307 bags sold at 10½@11¼c, 30, 60, 90 days and 4 mos—averaging $10,85. Sales by private contract of 500 bags Rio at 10½@11¼c; 3200 bags Laguayra at 11¼c, and 280 bags St. Domingo at 9½c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER continues very dull. English Sheathing is held at 27c. Sales of 3000 sheets Yellow Metal at 21c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are but little inquired after. Sales of good Western at 46@47c ₱ lb, short time.

FRUIT has been exceedingly quiet. Sales of Dried Apples at 8½@8¾c; Peaches in lots at 7½@12c for unpared quarters and halves, and 10@16c for pared. Cherries are selling at 3@5c ₱ lb, and Blackberries at 50@75c ₱ bucket. New Green Apples are beginning to come forward from the South, but prices are unsettled.

HEMP is quiet, there being no stock here in first hands. There is little or none wanted.

HIDES are unchanged. 2500 Caracoas sold from the wharf on terms kept private; 700 Pernambuco at about 18c, 6 mos; and 1000 English at about the same figure. 146 bales Calcutta Cow and Buffalo have arrived and remain unsold.

HOPS are firmer. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 10@16c, as in quality. The last sale of old crop was at 7c.

IRON—There is no new feature to present in the market and prices, if anything, are drooping. The only transactions reported here are confined to 500 tons in small lots at about $23, $22 and $21 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is very dull. A small sale at $24 on time. Blooms are but little inquired after, and Charcoal are held at $60@65 ₱ ton, 6 mos. In Rails, Bar and Boiler Iron there is very little doing, and no change to notice in prices.

LEAD has been quiet. Sales of 2100 pigs Galena at $5,80 cash, and a small lot of Virginia at $5,75 cash. A sale of about 300 pigs Galena at $5,87½, on time.

LEATHER—The market is nearly bare of prime Slaughter, and it is in demand, while other kinds are in fair supply.

LUMBER—Supplies continue to come forward slowly, and the demand is fair for most descriptions. Shipping Boards continue in active demand. Sales of 166,000 feet White Pine Susquehanna at $15@19, Yellow Pine N C Flooring Boards at $18@20 ₱ M feet. Small sales of Lehigh Hemlock at $7½@10½, and Spruce Flooring Boards at $12½@14. Cedar Shingles are exceedingly dull at $20@25 ₱ M. A cargo of 280,000 Calais Laths sold at $1,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The receipts and stocks are comparatively small, but there is very little inquiry. Sales of 367 hhds, 27 tes, 135 bbls Clayed Cardenas at 25c on time.

PLASTER—There is very little coming forward. A small sale of soft at $3, and a cargo of hard at $3,50 ₱ ton

SPIRITS remain without change. N E Rum is selling, as wanted, at 36@38c. Whiskey is in better demand, and prices are firmer. Sales of 200 bbls Ohio at 28c; 150 do Penna at 27c; hhds at 26½c, and Drudgs at 25½@26c.

SUGAR—There has been a good inquiry for Sugar since our last notice, from the trade as well as the refiners, and prices have advanced fully ¼@½c ₱ lb. Sales of 550 hhds Cuba at $5,87½@6,37½; 100 hhds Porto Rico at $6,37½@6,62½; 3600 bags Pernambuco, for refining, at $6,25; 4500 bags do on private terms; 350 boxes low grade Havana Brown at a price kept secret; and 664 hhds New Orleans at $6@7,62½, on time.

SEEDS—Timothy has been coming forward more freely, and the demand for it has fallen off. Small lots at $2,75 ₱ bus. Cloverseed is also less active. Sales of 200 bus at $5,50@5,75 ₱ 64 lbs. Of Calcutta Linseed, an import of 8400 bags has arrived, of which 2000 bags were previously disposed of on private terms. The last sale was at $1,65, cash. American Flaxseed commands the same price.

TALLOW is held firmly at 11½c ₱ lb for City Rendered, but buyers refuse to pay this figure.—Country commands 10½@11c.

TOBACCO is very dull, but prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL is beginning to come in more freely, but buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent, except at lower prices than holders are willing to submit to, and there is no general demand; a sale of 85,000 lbs new clip, however, is reported made by one house, on terms kept private.

☞ ONE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.—So many people lecturing upon it.

ECLIPSE COURSE TROTTING MATCH—FLORA TEMPLE BEATEN.—NEW YORK, June 23.—The great match between Flora Temple and Princess, two mile heats, came off over the Eclipse Course, to day, in the presence of an immense concourse of persons. The race was won by Princess—time, 5m. 2s., 5m. 5s.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM THE "NATIONAL HOTEL DISEASE."—*Chambersburg, Pa., June 24.*—Hon. D. F. Robinson, ex-member of Congress from this District, died here to-day, from the disease which he contracted at the National Hotel, in Washington, in the spring of 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 98 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
E. REMON, Richmond, Va.
WILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. F. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

It is over ten years since this celebrated remedy was introduced to the American public. During this time it has performed hundreds and thousands of the most astonishing cures, and its reputation and sale have now reached a point that far surpasses any remedy of the present or past ages. It has acquired this great reputation, not by a system of puffing, but by the actual merit of the article itself. If you are afflicted with any of the diseases for which it is recommended, such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, or Disorder of the Digestive Organs, it will not fail to sustain its reputation in your case. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of all the Compounds we have yet seen prepared as a cosmetic for the skin, there is none that has a higher reputation, or one that is so popular with the ladies, as the far famed KALLISTON. It will, with a few applications, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and all cutaneous eruptions. It is extensively used for these purposes, and ladies who apply it can exercise in the open air as freely as they please, and experience no inconvenience from rough or irritated skin. Joseph Burnett & Co. are the proprietors.—*Boston Transcript.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 25.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is 10 cents lower; sales of 4000 bbls at $5,70@6,00 for State, $6,40@6,75 for Ohio, and $6,25@7,00 for Southern. Wheat has a declining tendency; red sells at $1,40. Corn is firm; 12,000 bus sold at 80@82c for mixed; 85c for Northern white, and 84c for yellow Western. Pork heavy at $16,50 for Mess, and $13,25 for Prime. Lard firm at 10½@11¼c. Whiskey sells at 26½c. Oats are dull at 42@49c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—53 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 9@11½; 20 W Fuller, Fayette co, 10@11½; 8 Christy, Va, 11; 50 N Wernts, Ohio, 10½@12; 44 T Strickland, Va, 10½@11½; 20 J McCless, Chester co, 9½@11; 30 Shamburg, Westmoreland co, 9@10½; 62 Murphy & Co, Ohio and Pa, 10½@11½; 12 S Rhodes, Berks co, 10; 10 M Corson, 10½@11½; 18 S Hamaker, Lancaster co, 10@11; 45 A Reidebaugh, Chester co, 9@11½; 13 A Carey, Md, 10½. Cows and Calves—150 head at market, and sold from $25 to 30 for ordinary, and $35 to 50 for good. Sheep—10,000 arrived and sold during the week. The market has declined about ¼c ₱ lb on fat Sheep.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
5 " coupon '74	103½	—
Penn 6 pr ct, old	96¾	98¾
" " new	100½	101
" 5 "	—	84½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	46
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	—	46
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	94	94½
Penn 6 pr ct	93	—
" 5 " coupon	—	78
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	105½	—
Ohio " (1886)	106½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98¾
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	84½	86
N Y City 1872 5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	148
Philadelphia	114	115
Far & Mec	56½	59
Commercial	48½	49½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35½	—
Kensington	54	60
Girard	46	47
Western	—	63
Man & Mech	25½	26
Commerce	27	—
Tradesman's	23½	—
City	44	45½
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	20	2
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	121	—
Northern "	132	133
Louisville "	143	144
Farmers "	109	110
Union, Nash, Tenn	109	110
Planters "	118	120
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	21
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	2	—
New Grenada	—	1
N American Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	80
Bonds	92	—
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100½	—
2nd " "	—	90
" stock	—	—
Interest off	39½	39¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
" stock	121½	122½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	86	81
mort 6's '44	92	94
" " '58	73	73½
" stock	20½	21
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86	90
" stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Bal stock	53	56
6 pr ct loan '60	93	—
Ches Val R R 7's	40	—
Tioga R R 7's	—	95
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	72
2d "	46	48
" stock	8	7
Catawissa	4½	6
Beaver Meadow stock	—	60
" preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	84	84
6 pr ct loan	64	64½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	50½	51
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	58	60
Har and Lan R R stock	56	58
" bonds '69	90	—
L. Schuylkill N R stock	17½	18½
Long Island R R stock	10½	10½
" bonds	81	89
Erie R R stock	6	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centrals	77½	—
Michigan Centrals	47½	48½
Illinois "	59½	60
Michigan Southern	6	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	69	71
imp. 6 pr ct	75	76
stock	8½	9
preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	48	48½
mort 6 pr ct	—	90
scrip	26	—
Morris Canal's	73½	85
preferred	108½	109
Ches & Del "	48	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	—	8
bonds	28	31
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1871	24	4
	82	86

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 25, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis		Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	1 to 2 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks	¼ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	¼ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Ola banks	2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis

☞ KEEP OUT OF THE WAY.—The great secret of life is never to be in the way of others.—*Haliburton.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st instant, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, by the Rev. Alex. H. Vinton, D. D., HENRY CLAY SMITH, of Baltimore, Md. to PATTIE, daughter of Chas. Harbert, Esq. of this city.

On the 21st instant, at the same place, by the same, JOHN MCCLOUD, Jr. of St. Paul, Minnesota, to LAURA P. daughter of Chas. Harbert, Esq. of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ALEXANDER CONNOR, to Miss MARY MELLON, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Castle, Mr. WILLIAM H. PRICE, to Miss MARY A. STINE, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, Mr. GEORGE W. GIST, to Miss ELIZABETH C. HAAS, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN BARLOW, to Miss AGNES WELSH, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. CHARLES REINSTEIN, to Miss ANNA A. KENDIG, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. SAMUEL G. COBB, to Miss MARY BROWN, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY B. BAINS, to Miss CHRISTIANNA MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JACOB E. HAZARD, to Miss LOUISA A. SAMPSON.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, GEORGE T. HOLMES, to LYDIA A. WARAM, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, Mr. JOHN W. COUTTS, Jr. aged 28 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH GRANEL, aged 24 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. JULIANNA MOORE, aged 83 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. SUSANNA KLINE, aged 53 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. CHRISTIAN GOBT, aged 75 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS HOLT, aged 30 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM H. BOYCE, aged 47 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. RUTH A. HAZLETT, aged 82 years.

On the 19th ultimo, CATHERINE E. ECKER, aged 78 years.

On the 11th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET MILLER, aged 74 years.

On the 12th ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of John Condin, aged 37 years.

On the 8th ultimo, Dr. BENJAMIN KOGLER, aged 70 years.

On the 11th ultimo, Mrs. MARY COLLINS, aged 73 years.

SUMMER STOCK REDUCED.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

In accordance with their custom at this period of the year, give notice to the public and their customers, that they have

REDUCED THE PRICES

OF ALL THEIR

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

To which they invite attention.

809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

IMPOSSIBLE!

The mild, incorrosive chemical ingredients of which

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

Is composed, render it harmless to the tenderest skin and the weakest and finest hair. The change from the dull, heavy tint of age, to the brilliant dark brown or glossy black of comely youth, is

INSTANTANEOUS.

No failures, no delay, no imperfect colors, no unpleasant odor; in all cases the result is uniform, immediate and entirely successful.

☞ Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. CRISTADORO,
jly2-eow2t No. 6 Astor House, New York.

WOOD & PEROT,

1136 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADA.,

IRON RAILINGS, VERANDAHS, BALCONIES, STAIRS, FOUNTAINS, VASES, CHAIRS, SETTEES, TABLES, BRACKETS, TREE-BOXES, COUNTERS, ANIMALS, STATUARY, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Which they offer, in great variety of designs, at lower prices than the same character of work can be obtained elsewhere. ja11-6m

THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER!!

This valuable little work, on Raising, Breaking, Training, Riding, Driving, Stabling, Feeding, and Doctoring Horses, is daily being mailed to applicants to all parts of the United States. Send on your quarter for one, or $1 for 6 copies, and you are sure to get it by return mail. Books on this subject containing no more, have been sold, and are now selling, for $5 to $10.

Address C. J. ELDRIDGE,
No. 8 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—AGENTS, to sell Choice STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS—including Fine Engravings of the CRUCIFIXION and LAST SUPPER. An active person, with only small capital, can make $50 to $60 per month. For particulars, address D. H. MULFORD,
jly2-4t 167 Broadway, N. Y.

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no humbug. The business is new, easy, useful and honorable. For full particulars address M. M. SANBORN,
jly2-2t Bracket Falls, N. Y.

$3000. CALIFORNIA AT YOUR DOOR.—All wanting to make $10 per day, should send and get the Golden Secret. Sent on the receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address H. HERTZEL, Shirleysburg, Pa.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.
je4-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

☞ AGENTS WANTED IN THIS STATE to canvass with the GOLDEN SALVE. Sells rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp. C. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass.
je4-13t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND "GET PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are such, there can be *no possibility of loss.* EVERY FAMILY will be glad to obtain some of them. For particulars, address,
FOWLER AND WELLS,
jly2-2t No. 308 Broadway, New York.

Inventors, Look to Your Interests!!

HOW TO GET A PATENT, OR THE INVENTOR'S INSTRUCTOR. New edition. Sent by FIRST POST, for 6 cents, or 7 three-cent stamps. By FOWLER AND WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

NEW VOLUMES—JULY 1859.

THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence, is profusely Illustrated with Engravings, and published monthly at One Dollar a-year; 10 copies for $5. Every Family, and especially all young men and women should have a copy.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL—Devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life and Health, with Engravings illustrating the Human System—a Guide to Health and Longevity. Published monthly, at One Dollar a-year; 10 copies for $5.

☞ $3.—FOR THREE DOLLARS, a copy of both Journals and LIFE ILLUSTRATED will be sent one year; for TWO DOLLARS, half a year.

Specimen Numbers Sent Gratis on Application.

AGENTS WANTED. Address
FOWLER AND WELLS,
jly2-2t 308 Broadway, New York.

THE CHILD'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK.

For the Piano, containing Simple Lessons, with Short and Pleasing Exercises. Price 50 Cents. Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

WHITE MOUNTAINS,

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The PROFILE HOUSE and FLUME HOUSE, in the FRANCONIA NOTCH, are now open for visitors. These Houses are of the first class, and have become the resort of accomplished tourists. They are five miles apart, on a delightful road, and situated amidst the boldest and grandest of mountain scenery. They command the finest views of Mounts LAFAYETTE, LIBERTY, CANNON, and PEMIGEWASSETT, and fifty miles down the valley. ECHO LAKE, PROFILE LAKE, the FLUME, the POOL, the BASIN, the CRYSTAL CASCADE, and the COLOSSAL PROFILE, or OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, are all within a few minutes' walk.

The *ascent of the mountain passes*, the *drives* among the cliffs and gorges, the *excursions* on the lakes, the *game* in the forest, and the *trout* in the rills, tender such invitations to the lover of the charms of nature, and manly sports, as few can decline when once in this romantic region.

The Hotels are kept by gentlemen of great experience in keeping first-class houses, and who will spare no pains in attentions to their guests. Tourists leaving Philadelphia at 10 A. M., can reach the FLUME HOUSE via the Worcester and Nashua and the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad to Plymouth, the next afternoon (twenty-four miles by stage), or they may go via the B. C. & M. Railroad to Littleton, thence by stage (only eleven miles) to the PROFILE HOUSE, in the same time. From Niagara Falls, via Montreal, Quebec, and Durham, to the Alpine Glen, and Gibbs's Hotels; it is a pleasant day's ride from Gibbs's to these houses. Mails arrive and depart *daily.*

Post Office address, PROFILE HOUSE or FLUME HOUSE, Grafton County, N. H.

HIRAM BELL,
Manager of the Profile House.
RICHARD TAFT,
Manager of the Flume House.
For the FLUME and FRANCONIA HOTEL CO.
je25-4t

TWO MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

GIVING VIEWS OF THE

AMERICAN & CANADA SIDES.

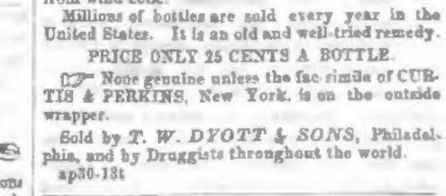
BY JAMES HAMILTON,

The Celebrated American Marine Painter.

These Engravings are each 18 by 32 Inches, and are executed in the highest style of the art, on steel, from the original drawings.

They will be sent to subscribers securely placed on rollers, postage pre-paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars for the pair.

JOHN M. BUTLER, Publisher,
242 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA., PA.
may28-3m



This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oc16-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

WHISKERS IN SIX WEEKS.—Yes, my magical ONGUENT will force the beard or moustache or hair to grow luxuriantly within that time, without staining or injuring the skin. Price $1. Sent to any address by mail free.
R. G. GRAHAM,
No. 109 Nassau St., New York.

READ, ALL YE THAT ARE FOND OF FISHING.—We will send, for $1, a Secret Art of Catching Fish in any water, as fast as you can pull them out. *This is no humbug.*
Address "UNION AGENCY," Peace Dale, R. I.
jly2-6t

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE STERLING EN

Wit and Humor.

BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.

We are more and more satisfied, from several samples of Bible-reading which have come under our observation, that our public characters, especially politicians, ought to be careful how they meddle with Scripture.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, in his recent letter to Hon. David Hubbard, says:—"The Reubens have tried to sell me into Egypt for my dreaming." Whereupon the New York Express says:—"The Governor has reference, doubtless, to the story of Joseph being sold into Egypt—but, unfortunately, he has got it all wrong. Reuben, it so happens, was the only one of the brothers who did *not* want to sell him. The Governor should join a Bible-class right off."

A member of Congress from Illinois, a few years ago (Mr. Hoge,) is reported as quoting in debate, the following lines, as coming from the Bible:—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

This *Scripture* quotation of Mr. Hoge brings to mind an anecdote related to us by a clergyman, as occurring within his knowledge. A good woman (the "weaker vessel," very likely, of the two) had lost her husband by death—and receiving a visit of condolence from the minister, she entered pretty fully into a detail of her feelings of loneliness and grief, in her widowed condition. She said she found herself going back and forth, wandering about the house all day long, from garret to cellar—now looking into the room where her poor, dear husband died, then trying to divert her mind by doing chores about the house, and then, again, going to the good Book for consolation. She was, she said, a poor lone woman—and she couldn't help thinking all day long of that very touching passage of Scripture—in the Book of Lamentations, she believed it was—which hit her case exactly: "*Goosey, Goosey, Gander, where will you wander?*"

Colonel Benton, in the United States Senate, is reported as speaking of our Saviour having cast seven devils out of a certain *man;* and Waddy Thompson, a former member of Congress and Minister to Mexico, in his "Recollections" of that country, speaking of the Hospital of Lazarus, says: "The inmates would have rivalled, in sores and rags, the *brother of Mary and Martha.*"

It is recorded that two members of a certain State Legislature, at the close of the session, addressed a circular to their constituents, in which they said:—"We hope the course we have pursued, and the votes we have given, will meet your approbation. We hope you will say to us, as Nathan said to David, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'"

Another member, earnestly opposing a measure before the House, said:—"Mr. Speaker, I would no more vote for that measure than I would fall down and worship the golden calf that Abraham made." A brother member corrected him, saying—"Mr. Speaker, it was not *Abraham* that made the golden calf, it was *Nebuchadnezzar.*"

That "great men are not always wise," is still further exemplified in an anecdote of a distinguished English Judge. Lord Kenyon, who understood law better than the Gospel, closed one of his charges to a jury, as follows:—"Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor Julian, who was so distinguished for every Christian virtue, that he was called Julian the *Apostle.*"

That editors should occasionally be at fault in the Scriptures, is not, perhaps, very strange. We have room for only one example. In giving an obituary notice of a worthy man, it was remarked:—"We may say of him, as the Holy Scriptures have so beautifully expressed it, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God;' and, in regard to the afflicted family, convey to them the consoling assurance from the same blessed source, that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"—*Bangor Whig and Courier.*

A Cracked Commandment.—We heard a suggestive expression related the other day of a very little girl, who was taken by her mother into a shop, where a tempting basket of oranges stood exposed for sale. While her mother was engaged in another part of the room the little one feasted her eyes on the fruit, and nursed the temptation in her heart, till it grew too strong to be resisted, and she hid one of the oranges under her apron, and walked quietly away. But conscience remonstrated so strongly, that after a little reflection she walked quietly back, and as slyly replaced the orange in the basket. Again the forbidden fruit out of her possession, presented its tempting side and again she yielded. After a sharper conflict than before, conscience gained the second victory, and the almost stolen orange was again and finally restored. With a saddened countenance she walked home with her mother, and when they were alone, burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I cracked one of the commandments! I didn't break it—indeed I didn't break it, mother—quite—but I'm sure I cracked it."

We shall never again see a piece of doubtful conduct, without thinking there's a commandment cracked.

☞ Graduated Hospitality.—One day Talleyrand had a dozen guests to dinner, and after the soup he offered some beef to his visitors. "My Lord Duke," said he to one, with an air of deference, selecting the best piece, "may I have the honor of offering you some beef?" "My Lord Marquis," he said to a second, with a gracious smile, "may I have the pleasure of offering you some beef?" To a third he said, with an affable air, "Dear Count, may I offer you some beef?" With an amiable smile he asked a fourth, "Baron, will you take some beef?" To a fifth, who had no title of nobility but was an advocate, he said, "M. le Conseiller, will you have any beef?" Finally, to the gentleman at the bottom of the table Talleyrand, pointing to the dish with his knife, called out, with a jerk of the head and a patronising smile, "a little beef?"

HOW HE "DYED" FOR LOVE.

An amusing story is told, as an episode to a story in a foreign review, about a military young gentleman who *dyed* for love. The affair occurred in Paris. The hero was named De Marsay. He was violently enamored of a very pretty woman whom he met by chance in the street, and discovered afterwards to be the wife of a "dyer," in the Rue de Marias. Whether she was disposed to favor his addresses or acted in concert with her husband to punish him, is not very easy to say; the result would incline to the latter supposition. At all events she gave him a rendezvous, at which they were surprised by the dyer himself—a fellow strong as Hercules, and of an ungovernable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false thrust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dyer springing forward caught poor Gustave round the waist and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dyestuff! How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home—he never was able to tell. It is more than probable the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke the next day he discovered that he was totally changed—his skin, from head to foot, being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed and washed, boiled himself in hot baths, or essayed a hundred cleansing remedies; nothing availed in the least—in fact, many thought that he came out only bluer than before. The most learned of the faculty were consulted, the most distinguished chemists—all in vain. At last a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognized the peculiar tint, and said,

"Ah, there is but one man in Paris has the secret of this color, and he lives in the Rue de Marias."

Here was a terrible blow to all hope; and in the discouragement it inflicted three long months were passed, De Marsay growing thin and wretched from fretting, and by his despondency occasioning his friends the deepest solicitude. At length one of his relatives resolved on a bold step. He went direct to the Rue de Marias and demanded to speak with the dyer. It is not easy to say how he opened a negotiation of such delicacy; that he did so with consummate tact and skill there can be no doubt, for he so worked upon the dyer's compassion by the picture of the poor young fellow, utterly ruined in his career, unable to face the world—to meet the regiment—even to appear before the enemy, being blue!—that the dyer at last confessed his pity, but at the same time cried out,

"What can I do? There is no getting it off again!"

"No getting it off again! do you really tell me that?" exclaimed the wretched negotiator.

"Impossible! that's the patent," said the other, with an ill-dissembled pride. "I have spent seven years in the invention. I only hit upon it last October. Its grand merit is that it resists all attempts to efface it."

"And do you tell me," cries the friend in terror, "that this poor fellow must go down to his grave in that odious—well, I mean no offence—in that unholy tint!"

"There is but one thing in my power, sir."

"Well, what is it, in the name of mercy! Out with it, and name your price?"

"I can make him a very charming green!—yes, a beautiful green, monsieur!"

An Ancient Race.—The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honors and antiquity of their kindred:—A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never-ending subject. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of M'Lean was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean. "Ta flood that you know drowned all ta world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean; "my clan was afore ta flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of ta name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt. "who ever heard of a M'Lean tat had not a boat of his own?"

Russian View of Flogging.—There is one peculiar characteristic in Russian manners which foreigners most energetically decry; it is the habit of not considering corporal punishment as more infamous than any other. In fact, in the eyes of the Russian people, corporal punishment is felt less than a verbal insult; a penitentiary confinement is regarded as infinitely more humiliating than a flogging, especially when the latter penalty is administered in private. At the bottom of this notion there is really a religious idea; a faithful believer will not admit that the punishment of castigation, which was inflicted upon the Saviour of mankind, can attach to any man a badge of infamy. In his belief, a verbal insult attacks a man's immortal spirit, while a blow is felt only by the least noble part of his body. —*Nicholas de Gerebtzoff.*

Blasphemies.—Two of the most stupendous blasphemies on record are connected with the history of the Hapsburghs. When Rhodolph was elected Emperor of Germany, the Bishop of Basle, overcome with mortification at the elevation of his enemy, lifted his eyes to Heaven, and, smiting his breast, cried out—"Great God, take care of thy throne, or Rhodolph of Hapsburgh will take it from Thee!" And when Ferdinand desired Wallenstein to take charge of his armies and enter the field against Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, he wrote back—"I would not serve as second in command to God himself!" The impious General was butchered at last in his castle at Prague.

☞ "When you seek advice," remarks Montaigne, in one of his essays, "there are two things to be considered. See that you ask the most competent person to give it; and that his conditions are such that he may give it without prejudice."

DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party.—"A never think a fel'er's had t'mush wine o'long as a windsup-ish wash!" [*Proceeds to perform that operation with corkscrew.*]

JOYS OF THE PAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Joys of the past! are they vanished for ever?
Flow'rets soon gathered and sooner decayed;
Ripples of light upon Time's flowing river,
Lost with the breath o'er its bosom that strayed.
No; there are hours in the heart's happy sadness
When they return, amid sunshine and rain;
Memory, bright as a rainbow of gladness,
Spans the dark sky with their beauty again.

Visions of glory, half cloud and half splendor,
Flash on the soul, looking back through the years;
Hopes that were lofty, and loves that were tender,
Gleam through the haze of our passionate tears.
Vainly, oh! vainly our hearts would restore them;
Fair though they glitter, how quickly they're gone!
Echoes that die with the music that bore them,
Lights that are darkened the moment they've shone.

Agricultural.

HIGH FARMING:
PROF. MAPES'S FARM.

[The following, by Judge French, of Exeter, N. H., we copy from the *New England Farmer.* Judge F. has recently returned from Europe, after having critically examined the methods pursued in England, France, Belgium and elsewhere:—]

Not many weeks ago, we published a pretty careful criticism upon the farming operations of Mr. Sheriff Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, England, one of the highest farmers of that country, and our conclusions were, that although Mr. Sheriff Mechi might make money in England by underlying 170 acres of poor land with iron pipes, and pumping through them all his manure with a steam engine; by under-draining five feet deep, and doing other things accordingly, yet that his own statement showed that with American prices for the labor he charged, and American prices for the crops he credited, he would run his farm ruinously in debt. His success, we said, results through the low price of labor mainly, the price there being but about half our New England prices.

The farm of Professor Mapes, near Newark, New Jersey, contains 121½ acres, and the expenses upon it for the year 1858 were $3,152.60, and the income from it was $11,627.88, leaving a nett profit of $8,475.28, after paying all expenses and a fair rent for the land! Only 33½ acres of the farm was in cultivated crops, the rest being grass and woods.

Having some acquaintance with Prof. Mapes, having seen his farm, though not in the growing season, and having met his foreman, Mr. Quinn, both on and off the farm, and talked with him about the farm operations, we feel some confidence in our ability to form a correct opinion of this statement.

That the professor is a man of great scientific knowledge of agriculture, and wonderful tact in his application of science to the culture of his crops, everybody who sees him and his farm will at once admit. He understands the theories of farming, and his farm shows that he makes his knowledge practical. He raises the very crops that pay the best in his market, and he gets the largest crops and the highest prices. His farm is not indeed, a regular *farm*, but rather a market garden, a nursery, a seed establishment, and a fruit garden.

Yet these are departments open to many of us, and why can we not make profit of them as well as he? To be sure, we cannot expect to get *eight and twelve dollars per hundred* for pears, if we could raise them in any great quantities, but our impression is, that nobody can show in this country better dwarf pears than Prof. Mapes.

He is the inventor of Mapes's Super-phosphate of Lime, and it is not strange that his rivals in patent manures should detract from him and his successful farming.

Five thousand tons of this manure have, some seasons, been manufactured at the works in which he is largely interested, near his place. His farm is manured almost exclusively with this preparation, and acres were pointed out to us, on which were the finest fruit trees, and beds of strawberries, besides the ordinary crops, which had received, for many years, no other manure.

The Professor stated, in our hearing, at the New York Farmers' Club, that stable manure could not be sold in his neighborhood for $1,50 a cord, to be hauled one mile, because the super-phosphate is cheaper, and his neighbors who were present, suggested no doubt of his correctness. Yet, at Exeter, it costs us $5 a cord, besides hauling, and this is probably an average price in the larger towns in New England.

After all our *buts* and *yets*, and apologies for Prof. Mapes's astonishing profits, there is a large balance of credit to be divided between his mode of culture and his super-phosphate. "How does he get so large crops at so little cost?" is the question. His explanation is found in three points—thorough drainage, deep and fine culture, and the use of super-phosphate.

He underdrains with tiles from four to five feet deep; he sub-soils eighteen or twenty inches deep, and works his root and hoed crops constantly in summer, with a little sub soiler drawn by one mule, and with the horse-hoe; and he applies to every acre, at the start, 600 pounds of super-phosphate, and a less quantity in after years, according to the crop. That this manure does wonders on his farm, is not to be doubted. We have ourselves tried it several years, and always with favorable results, some of which have been published. We propose to continue our experiments the present year with one ton of the Nitrogenized Super-phosphate now on hand.

And a word by the way upon this subject may not be amiss. We do not believe that farmers should in general purchase their manure, unless they are selling their crops. If they are, they must replace them by bringing on to the land the elements of fertility which they have carried away. This can only be done by buying some or other of these fertilizers. Super-phosphate of lime is admitted everywhere to be, excepting guano, the very best of fertilizers, and guano is difficult to apply properly, and is not adapted to all crops. The best farmers in England buy immense quantities of super-phosphates for their root crops in particular, and many of our farmers use it upon their potatoes and corn. Professor Mapes has no secret as to his mode of manufacture, but publishes it as follows:

"The Improved Super-phosphate of Lime was first invented, and was composed of 100 pounds of bone-dust dissolved in 56 pounds of sulphuric acid, to which was added 36 pounds of Peruvian guano and 20 pounds of sulphate of ammonia; 100 pounds of this mixture were found to be equal in application, both in power and lasting quality, to 185 pounds of the best Peruvian guano.

"The Nitrogenized Super-phosphate, which is found to be practically superior to the Improved Super-phosphate, is composed of equal weights of Improved Super-phosphate and dried blood ground."

Probably any chemist in the country will pronounce a fertilizer consisting of the above elements, valuable for almost all cultivated crops, and we trust our farmers, in their progress in agriculture, will not forget that there are manures, besides what are found in their barn cellars—manures which contain no seeds of weeds, which are light of freight and cheap of application. In a garden of vegetables, we should hardly know how to raise our crops, without a bag of super phosphate on hand. A cabbage will fatten on it, like a pig on corn meal, and a cauliflower will head two weeks sooner, by the application of an ounce of it, at the time of transplanting.

Philosophy of Under Drains.—In order to prevent the effects of drought, to which all soils are liable, and sandy soils especially so, in dry weather, a thorough system of subsoil ploughing and under-draining is necessary.—The theory of these processes is very simple, and perhaps too generally understood by our readers to need explanation. The drain and the loosened subsoil are pervious to the atmospheric air. The air is always more or less charged with moisture, which, coming in contact with the cooler substance of the drain or the under soil, condenses and forms a constant reservoir for the moderate irrigation of the field. Every observing person has noticed the condensation of the moisture contained in the air, on a warm day, upon the outside of a vessel of cold water. Such is the process going on beneath the surface of properly prepared ground.—*Working Farmer.*

Wash for Trees.—Good ley is the only wash which we can recommend for apple trees. The ley should be as strong as we use it for soap. That is, it should be strong enough to bear up a hen's egg so that a speck of the egg may be barely seen above the ley. A wash of this kind will not injure young trees in a nursery, for we have tried this for many years.

But the ley should not be suffered to stand out in kettles to evaporate, for it may thus become too strong for the bark. We only want it strong enough to kill all kinds of lice and grubs and borers and moss that adheres to the bark and checks the circulation of the sap.

Other washes are often recommended, but none of them are equal to ley made from potash or from wood ashes. When potash cannot readily be had, a wash with water and a quantity of wood ashes thrown into the water may be used. Some of the ashes will stick to the bark without injury.

Now is the time to apply this wash to apple trees. Now, before haying, look out for the *borer* that has ruined thousands of trees. The last of June and the first of July will witness the borer fly going from tree to tree to deposit her eggs. She does not like the smell of potash, and she will try to avoid such trees as have been washed.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Soaking Fence Posts.—A number of years ago, we published in The Cultivator a receipt for soaking fence posts in a solution of blue vitriol, which is worth republishing at this time, particularly as our attention has been recently called to it. The receipt of Mr. George B. Green, of Windsor, Vt., as formerly published was:—"One pound of blue vitriol to forty pounds of water. If the timber is dry, soak it ten days; if green, six will be sufficient. This solution will do for all kinds of timber requiring exposure to the weather—spouts, shingles, bean-poles, stakes, &c." A member of the Farmer's Club in Hudson, recently informed us, that at a late meeting of that club, the subject was brought up for conversation, and one of the members exhibited a post, which, previous to being placed in the ground, had been soaked in a solution of blue vitriol—one pound of vitriol being used to twenty quarts of water. The post was pine, and when taken up was as sound as when first put down, eight years since.—*Country Gentleman.*

To Cure Hollow Horn.—A remedy for the cure of hollow horn, or horn ail, in cattle is to:—Dissolve a tablespoonful of copperas in warm water, and mix with the creature's mess, if it is not past eating, if it should be, pour it down. This dose will seldom need to be given more than once. It has been our remedy for many years in a large dairy.—*Corres. of Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

To Get Rid of Roaches.—*Mr. Editor of the Saturday Post:*—I have found an effective way *to get rid of roaches*, which I take the liberty to send to you for the benefit of your many readers:

Put about a quart of water sweetened with molasses in a tin wash basin. Set it at evening in a place frequented by the bugs. Around the basin put an old piece of carpet or something that the bugs can have easy access to the top. They will go down in the water and *stay till you come.* An old subscriber, J. B.

Circleville, Ohio.

Worth Knowing.—A bowl containing two quarts of water, set in an oven when baking, will prevent pies, cakes, &c., from being scorched. So says the Baltimore (Md.) Sun.

To Make Currant Wine.—For several years we have made a ten gallon keg of currant wine, which is of as good quality as any we have tasted, and is generally so pronounced by those who have had an opportunity to judge. The mode of manufacture is simple, and can be easily followed by any family having the currants and the disposition to make the wine. For general information we give the receipt, and cordially recommend it.

The currants should be fully ripe when picked; put them into a large tub, in which they may remain a day or two; then crush them with the hands, unless you have a small patent cider-press, in which they should not be pressed too much, or the stems will be bruised and impart a disagreeable taste to the juice. If the hands are used, put the crushed fruit, after the juice has been poured off, in a cloth or sack and press out the remaining juice. Put the juice back in the tub after cleansing it, where it should remain for about three days, until the first stages of fermentation are over, and removing once or twice a day the scum copiously arising to the top. Then put the juice into a vessel—a demijohn, keg, or barrel—of a size to suit the quantity to be made, and,

To each quart of juice, add

Three pounds of the best brown sugar, (we prefer this to the loaf,)

And water sufficient to make a gallon.

Thus, ten quarts of juice and thirty pounds of sugar, will give you ten gallons of wine, and so on in that proportion.

The cask must be full, and the bung or stopper left off until fermentation ceases, which will be in twelve or fifteen days. Meantime the cask must be filled up daily with water, as fermentation throws out the impure matter. When fermentation ceases, rack the wine off carefully, either from the spigot or by a syphon, and keep running all the time. Cleanse the cask thoroughly with boiling water, then return the wine, bung up tightly, and let stand for four or five months, when it will be fit to drink, and can be bottled if desired.

All the vessels, casks, &c., should be perfectly sweet, and the whole operation should be done with an eye to cleanliness. In such event, every drop of brandy or other spirituous liquors added will detract from the flavor of the wine, and will not in the least degree increase its keeping qualities. Currant wine made in this way will keep for an age, unless it is—*drunk.*—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ A writer on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest? We don't know; but unquestionably golden eagles generally fly fastest.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 16, 4, 21, 3, 22, 26, was the first judge of Israel.
My 17, 2, 15, 3, 23, 25, 24, 12, was a celebrated Spartan King.
My 4, 9, 13, 31, 28, 14, 26, 5, 3, 12, was a Persian General.
My 24, 10, 2, 5, was one of the States of ancient Italy.
My 6, 4, 11, 26, 3, 12, is a celebrated Grecian city.
My 6, 5, 9, 12, 4, 30, 25, 26, 13, was banished by the Athenians.
My 12, 18, 13, 5, 6, 4, 2, 12, was a celebrated Grecian philosopher.
My 3, 9, 1, 27, 31, 12, was one of the commanders of a Grecian armament.
My 5, 8, 1, 8, 6, 25, was the son of a usurper of the English throne.
My 29, 11, 22, 7, 30, 28, was a Spanish monarch.
My 13, 6, 4, 24, 23, 30, 3, 2, conspired against the Roman Government.
My 29, 2, 27, 20, 3, was a beautiful Grecian Queen.
My 19, 5, 6, 3, 2, is a country of France.
My whole is a renowned institution of learning.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 6, 1, 9, 19, 17, is a country in Europe.
My 20, 7, 19, 16, 5, is a city in England.
My 15, 4, 2, 7, is a river in Africa.
My 16, 14, 18, 4, 10, 13, is a county in Texas.
My 16, 18, 4, 15, 1, is a river in Europe.
My 1, 15, 16, 7, 17, is one of the principal range of mountains in the world.
My 3, 14, 15, 12, is a river in Asia.
My 12, 3, 8, 14, 15, is a county in Kentucky.
My 16, 1, 11, 9, is a river in Europe.
My 5, 11, 14, 21, 9, is a Lake in Wisconsin.
My 7, 13, 15, 1, is one of the principal volcanoes in the world.
My whole is an old saying.

Tiffin, Ohio. D. K. MYERS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 20, 27, 5, 4, is one of the United States.
My 2, 11, 17, 13, 8, 15, 9, is a place of learning.
My 3, 9, 12, 7, 29, is the name of a flower.
My 10, 7, 24, 19, 19, 20, 15, 14, is a game with cards.
My 16, 15, 15, is something oval.
My 18 is a vowel.
My 21, 8, 15, 7, 22, is black.
My 23, 30, 12, 14, is a river Egypt.
My 25, 26, 10, 14, is very often seen on a lady's dress.
My 26, 27, 29, 28, is a wild animal.
My 31, 20, 2, 3, is something a lady wears.
My whole is an institution, with its location.

JOHN WINTER, Jr.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the shades of night are falling fast,
And the sky with clouds is overcast,
When loud and fiercely blows the wind,
My first the traveller strives to find.

My second you are bound to do,
And all must do it as well as you.
My third is a common female name,
And a famous Queen once bore the same.

'Tis useless now my whole to tell,
Ere this you know it very well,
But if it has not pierced your pate,
I'll tell you—'tis a fertile State.

W. WINDSOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a cape
On the coast of a State.
My second is round,
And no end to it found;
(It also means "sound.")
My third I will state
Is a cumbersome weight.
My whole is oft written—
A hero of Britain. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is sometimes on the table, sometimes under the table, and sometimes on the floor.
My second is a species of grain.
My third is what most people are hunting after, but cannot always obtain.
My whole is one of the United States. L. E. F.

ANAGRAMS

On the Names of Celebrated Authors, transposed.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sick Ned.	Rat Heckey.
Romeo.	Is u grey? no.
She man.	Cat, sir.
Hit two.	R blow U.
Tom lin.	No, I send.
Hurra! T.	Same J.

WILL WINDSOR.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose I have a box in the form of a segment of a cone, the bottom diameter within is 12 inches, the top diameter is 16 inches. What would be the diameter of a globe that would just fit in said box, touching the bottom and sides, and the top of the globe being just even with the top of the box.

J. JACOBS, Jr.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Ans.—Because they ought to be taken up.

☞ What is the difference between a blunder and a wedding? Ans.—One is a mistake, and the other a take miss.

☞ When is "the last tone of departing time" heard? Ans.—When the clock strikes the hour and stops.

☞ What is the most biting thing that blows. Ans.—A gnaw-gnaw-easter (nor'-nor'-easter).

☞ What is the way to make a tall man short? Ans.—To ask him to lend you a few dollars.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. CHARADE—Hay-rake. CHARADE—Warren (war-wren). RIDDLE—Ten (T-E-A). ANAGRAMS—Easton, Reading, Norristown, Alleghany, Lancaster, Carlisle, Honesdale, Carbondale, Hollidaysburg, Wilkesbarre, Allentown, Lewiston. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—14 men.